THE
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. III. JULY, 1916. No. 7.

Birth Control.

Knowing quite well the attitude of the leading women of this people, past and present, on the subject of child-bearing, the Editor still felt anxious to present the views of some of our leading brethren on the subject. Accordingly a letter was sent out setting forth the fact that many of our eastern magazines, especially the women's magazines, have been discussing the propriety of what is known as "birth control." The eugenists and fashionable women, and the fashionable doctors and ministers who advocate this movement, claim that families of from two to four children are quite sufficient for any woman to bear. The lower classes should be discouraged from bearing profusely, according to these pseudo-philosophers, because of their ignorance and poverty; while the middle class women, who are the working women, through these doctrines are gradually getting to feel that life holds much more for them than motherhood.

All sorts of reasons, from ill-health and poverty to riches and frivolity, are brought forward as arguments to sustain the claims thus made.

We mothers in Zion are quite willing to concede the fact that many of the women of the world who refuse to bear children are better without them, because of the many cases of infidelity of their husbands, and because of their own selfish vanity; but the mothers and grandmothers of Zion must not become tainted with the sins of these final judgments which are sweeping over the earth, for childlessness is one of the judgments now, as it was in the days of Noah, according to the Book of Jasher.

We present as our frontispiece, the charming group of baby faces, collected from the grandmothers, mothers, and aunts, on the General Board, and suggest your careful survey of these innocent and beautiful faces—which baby belongs to which grandmother?

We present herewith the views of five members of the quorum of the Twelve apostles, and ask that our Relief Society officers shall read these stirring and splendid comments in the various meetings of our Society.

ELDER RUDGER CLAWSON:

In my opinion the practice of restricting the number of children in the family, as advocated by many people, is sinful. It is contrary to the first great commandment given to Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, when the Lord said to them, "Be fruitful, multiply, and replenish the earth," etc.

Woman is so constituted that, ordinarily, she is capable of bearing, during the years of her greatest strength and physical vigor, from eight to ten children, and in exceptional cases a larger number than that. The law of her nature so ordered it, and God's command, while it did not specify the exact number of children allotted to woman, simply implied that she should exercise the sacred power of procreation to its utmost limit.

Restricting the family to one or two children, as is often done in the world at large,—more especially among the rich who have ample means to support large families—is a serious evil even to them. It may, and frequently does, lead to grievous disappointment in after life, where death has stepped in and claimed the children as its victims before they reached maturity. Thus the parents are left without the ministrations of loved ones to smooth their pathway down to the grave. The hope of posterity is cut off, and their names disappear from among men. Those who resort to restrictive measures, respecting the number of children in the family, except it be by non-association of husband and wife, trifle with the fountains of life, and will certainly invite the displeasure and righteous anger of an offended Creator, who gave to man and woman this God-like power for the express purpose of bringing the souls of men into the world. The Lord has said, "This is my work and my glory to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man." Hence those who are instrumental in bringing children into the world, and doing their full duty by them, help to accomplish the designs of the Almighty Father.

Blessed is the man and blessed is the woman to whom no sin is imputed in the marriage relation, but who carefully observe the law of their natures, and keep the commandments of God. To them the future will bring no regrets, and they will not be troubled by an accusing conscience or keen and abiding anguish of the soul.

RUDGER CLAWSON.

ELDER GEORGE F. RICHARDS.

The efforts on the part of Eastern magazine writers to educate the people of the United States, particularly parents, to the doctrine that they should limit the number of their offspring to three or four children, and how this can be accomplished, is both pernicious and an abomination in the sight of the Lord; and it robs both man and his Maker of their glory and increase. I view it as a direct fulfilment of what was shown the Apostle Paul by the Spirit, would come to pass. (1 Tim. 4:1-3.)

It is marvelous how many are departed from the faith and are giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils, speaking lies in hypocricy; having their conscience seared as with a hot iron, some forbidding to marry and others commanding to abstain from meats, and from child-bearing, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving. The Apostle admonishes Timothy to refuse profane and old wives' fables, and to exercise himself rather with godliness. These may well be called old wives' fables, and a curse will follow those who advocate such doctrines.

My wife has borne to me fifteen children. Anything short of this would have been less than her duty and privilege. Had we received and obeyed the doctrine of three or four children to the home, we would have cut ourselves short of blessings more valuable to us than all the wealth of this world would be, were it ours. We might never have known in this life what our loss had been, but it would have been just as great as we now see it, and sometime we would know as we now know. Then consider the joy and value of life to others. What of our eleven children born to us in excess of the four to which such as these magazine writers would limit us? Can the value of such a mission and service be estimated? Will not these our children and their husbands, wives and children, for generations after us, if they are duly appreciative, rise up and call us blessed forever and ever?

As to the danger and hardship of child-bearing to the mothers, I have to say that from my observations, I conclude that the answering of nature's laws which are God's laws is far less injurious and dangerous than the efforts made to defeat these laws.

That there is less of anxiety and cost in rearing but few children in the family, is granted, but that children thus brought up are better reared, I do not concede. It is an easy matter to understand how that people would make popular the wrong of which they are guilty and having no thought of repentance, seek to drag others down to their own low, evil level. It seems to take away, in a measure, their reproach. This class, as a rule, are guilty of the double offense of both practicing and teaching a false and abominable doctrine. For such, the patience of the

Lord, I fear, will cease to be a virtue and His anger will be kindled against them.

GEORGE F. RICHARDS.

ELDER DAVID O. MCKAY

Any effort or desire on the part of a married couple to shirk the responsibility of parenthood reflects a condition of mind antagonistic to the best interests of the home, the state and the nation. No doubt there are some worldly people who honestly limit the number of children and the family to two or three because of insufficient means to clothe and educate a large family as the parents would desire to do, but in nearly all such cases, the two or three children are no better provided for than two or three times that number would be. Such parents may be sincere, even if misguided; but in most cases the desire not to have children has its birth in vanity, passion and selfishness. Such feelings are the seeds sown in early married life that produce a harvest of discord, suspicion, estrangement, and divorce. All such efforts, too, often tend to put the marriage relationship on a level with the panderer and the courtesan. They befoul the pure fountains of life with the slime of indulgence and sensuality. Such misguided couples are ever seeking but never finding the reality for which the heart is yearning.

Depriving themselves of the comfort and happiness of the companionship of children, the barrenness of their lives drives the young couple to seek the hollow fads and fascinating excitements of "Society," many of which pursuits are as antagonistic to the real purpose of life as the influence of evil can make them.

As I write these lines, I have in mind a young girl who has substituted for the reality of home and family, the froth of week-end parties and midnight carousals, including the most degrading but fashionable habit of cigarette smoking. She began her married life in honor, and is the mother of two beautiful children; but she was caught in the whirlpool of pleasure and passion, and though flaunting daily the latest fashions, is sinking from respectability to refined degradation. "O what a falling off were here!" I cannot look upon such actions of young husbands and wives without a feeling of pity mingled with contempt. There is comfort only in the thought that in our communities such cases are exceptional.

Love realizes his sweetest happiness and his most divine consummation in the home where the coming of children is not restricted, where they are made most welcome, and where the duties of parenthood are accepted as a co-partnership with the eternal Creator.

In all this, however, the mother's health should be guarded. In the realm of wifehood, the woman should reign supreme.

Man, not woman, is the chief cause of this evil of race suicide now sweeping like a blight through the civilized nations.

Marriage is ordained of God that children might be so trained that they may eventually be worthy of Christ's presence; and that home is happiest in which they are welcomed, as God and nature intended they should be.

Sincerely your brother,
DAVID O. MCKAY.

ELDER O. F. WHITNEY.

I believe in large families, though I am aware, of course, that it is easier to feed, clothe, educate and rear a few children than many. But these considerations, so conclusive to some minds, have never had weight with me, contemplating as I do the eternal rather than the mere earthly phases of marriage and procreation.

The only legitimate "birth control" is that which springs naturally from the observance of divine laws, and the use of the procreative powers, not for pleasure primarily, but for race perpetuation and improvement. During certain periods—those of gestation and lactation—the wife and mother should be comparatively free to give her strength to her offspring; and if this involves some self-denial on the part of the husband and father, so much the better for all concerned.

"Birth control," under God's law, is a problem that solves itself. I have no faith in the sophisms of those who reject His law, and try to substitute therefor their own vain theories for sex regulation. The eugenists may mean well, but they don't know enough to lead the world out of the wilderness.

O. F. WHITNEY.

ELDER JOSEPH F. SMITH, JR.

In answer to your communication in which you ask me for my views on the question of "birth control," or the limiting of the number of children in a family to one or two," according to the teaching of the day by the so-called elite or fashionable class, I have this to say:

The first great commandment given both to man and beast by the Creator was to "be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth;" and I have not learned that this commandment was ever repealed. Those who attempt to pervert the ways of the Lord, and to prevent their offspring from coming into the world in obedience to this great command, are guilty of one of the most hein-

ous crimes in the category. There is no promise of eternal salvation and exaltation for such as they, for by their acts they prove their unworthiness for exaltation and unfitness for a kingdom where the crowning glory is the continuation of the family union and eternal increase which have been promised to all those who obey the law of the Lord. It is just as much murder to destroy life before as it is after birth, although man-made laws may not so consider it; but there is One who does take notice and his justice and judgment is sure.

I feel only the greatest contempt for those who, because of a little worldly learning or a feeling of their own superiority over others, advocate and endeavor to control the so-called "lower classes" from what they are pleased to call "indiscriminate breeding."

Th old Colonial stock that one or two centuries ago laid the foundation of our great nation, is rapidly being replaced by another people, due to the practice of this erroneous doctrine of "small families." According to statistics gathered by a leading magazine published in New York, a year or two ago, the average number of children to a family among the descendants of the old American stock in the New England States, was only two and a fraction, while among the immigrants from European shores who are now coming into our land, the average family was composed of more than six.

Thus the old stock is surely being replaced by the "lower classes" of a sturdier and more worthy race. Worthier because they have not learned, in these modern times, to disregard the great commandment given to man by our Heavenly Father. It is indeed, a case of the survival of the fittest, and it is only a matter of time before those who so strongly advocate and practice this pernicious doctrine of "birth control" and the limiting of the number of children in the family, will have legislated themselves and their kind out of this mortal existence.

JOSEPH F. SMITH, JR.

PENNY SUBSCRIPTION FUND.

The first collection for the Penny Subscription fund will be made in July. Teachers have been supplied with slips and secretaries with special books to record these donations.

A Priceless Golden Wedding.

Few women are so privileged as to celebrate a golden wedding, and fewer women have been blessed upon this earth to celebrate such a golden wedding as was enjoyed by our beloved and honored Counselor, Julina L. Smith, on May 5, 1916. To be the wife of one of the greatest men that ever lived upon this earth, the mother of eleven of his children who are all lovely and notable characters, with thirty-eight grand children; to be surrounded by all of these dear ones and by a host of affectionate and loyal friends—this is indeed a blessing accorded to few mortal women.

President Joseph F. Smith and his noble wife, Julina L. Smith, received a few of their vast army of friends on this happy occasion in the Bee-Hive House. President Smith was his usual princely and handsome self. Sister Smith wore a golden wedding gown of white satin, beautifully made by one of our own sisters and modestly decorated with laces and flowers. She was not handsomer on her wedding day than she was on this happy occasion. The house was decorated in a profusion of flowers and the favorite Hawaiian band discoursed music for the entertainment of the guests.

Heaven will not hold a more precious and beautiful tribute than was offered to this favored woman by her husband, her children, the General Board of the Relief Society of which she is one of the Presidency, and the many friends, who sent up a prayer in behalf of the happy couple that years may be added to this honored father and mother in Israel.

Answering our request Mrs. Smith writes:

The editors of the *Relief Society Magazine* have called upon me for a sketch of my life, feeling that the people should be somewhat acquainted with those who stand at the head of the great Relief Society work, and direct its affairs. It gives me much pleasure to comply with this request, inasmuch as I have been a member of the Relief Society ever since I was eighteen years of age, and a member of the General Board since the Relief Society was incorporated in 1894.

I was born in Salt Lake City, June 18, 1849, both my parents having helped to pioneer the way to Utah, in the year 1847. My father, Alfred B. Lamson was an excellent mechanic and blacksmith which enabled him to render services of great value to those who crossed the plains, in those early days, and especially to the people after they reached the valley. In early days, his home was one of the best, and was the first house erected in the

state of Utah which was finished on the interior with plastered walls. My mother, Melissa Jane Bigler Lambson, was the youngest sister of our late beloved President of the Relief Society, Bathsheba W. Smith.

May 5, 1866, I married Joseph F. Smith, who, at that time, was laboring as a clerk, assisting my uncle, George A. Smith, in the Historian's office.

Our first baby, Mercy Josephine, was born in 1867, and in 1868, with my full consent, my husband married Sarah Ellen Richards, a daughter of President Willard Richards, who was one year younger than I. We started our married lives together, mere girls, and for forty-seven years were companions.

In 1869, a daughter was born to Sarah, but our Heavenly Father saw fit to leave her with us for only a few days. When my second baby was only eight months' old the angel of death again visited us bearing away our first-born, our little chatter-box, the delight of our home.

On the first of January, 1870, with the consent of both Sarah and myself, Joseph married my sister, Edna, and later married Alice, daughter of President Heber C. Kimball and Mary, niece of President John Taylor.

As our family increased in size, additions were made to the two original rooms of our dwelling, until, in time, the roof covered nineteen rooms which formed three apartments and housed a family of tenty-one.

After we had our separate apartments, and later separate rooms, we continued to have all things in common. Aunt Sarah was particularly skilful with the needle, and we often exchanged work with benefits to all, especially when our children were little. In case of sickness all else was neglected, if necessary, while we nursed and watched alternately. In times of death we mourned equally, and in time of health we rejoiced and worked shoulder to shoulder with our husband.

When the mother of three children, I studied obstetrics and nursing under the best physicians then in Utah, and the knowledge acquired has been of great service not only in our own family but in hundreds of cases where I have responded to calls from expectant mothers. It has always been a joy to me to place a tiny one for the first time in its mother's arms, for then I felt again the thrills that I have felt in looking into the baby faces of my own.

My first three children were daughters, and no mother ever loved her babies more than I did mine, but as most mothers do, I desired a son. I prayed that I might have a son, if I was thought worthy to raise one to walk in his father's footsteps and be true to the teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Otherwise I would be satisfied with daughters, for children I must have.

Sarah was the mother of two daughters and a son, and Edna had two sons before my prayers were answered, but in my first son, Joseph F. Smith, Junior, as in my second, third and fourth, my prayers were fully answered for they have been all a mother could ask for.

I have given birth to eleven children and have adopted two. Sarah is the mother of eleven and Edna ten, with all of whom I share a mother's interest, for I have watched over and helped to care for them since they drew their first breath. And in fact they all seem to be a part of me.

The old home no longer shelters us, for as birdlings leave the parent nest and build their own, so our babies have become full-fledged, and many of them, with their mates, have flown away. Leonora, (Mrs. Joseph Nelson) President Smith's oldest child then living, and the daughter of Sarah, was the first to leave our home and go to a home of her own, and to her were given three sons and a daughter before a grandchild came to me. To my sister, Edna, came the next grandchild, through her son, Hyrum.

My first grandchild, David J. Smith, was born on Sunday, November 10, 1901, the day and hour his grandfather was sustained as the President of the Church. Since then we have rapidly increased in number, for today I have thirty-eight grandchildren; Sarah eighteen and Edna fifteen. Edward A. Smith, my adopted son who is now deceased, was the father of eight children. Because of their scattered condition I have not a record of his grandchildren.

The scenes have changed many times during the past fifty years. For two years I was on the Hawaiian Islands while my husband was in exile for the gospel's sake. During this time I had with me two of my children, and it was while here that my fourth son was born. My other children were left in the care of Sarah and Edna.

For a number of years our families were scattered and, to obey the laws of the land, changes were made in our family customs, which grieved us all. Now only on special occasions can we meet together as we did formerly, for we have grown so numerous and become so scattered. Many roofs now shelter those who used to dwell beneath the same roof and many walls surround the laughter of children's voices. Still, in my memory, live those happy days, and I can see as a moving picture the familiar games being played, the races run after the pears when the wind blew hard, the thumping for the ripe watermelons, the shelling of peas and the stringing of beans brought in from the garden. The climbing of the giant locust tree for the birds' nests, with the patching trousers that followed; the harnessing of the old horse ready for a drive or perhaps the bustling off to school after the morning prayers and breakfast; and, as the night comes

PREST. JOSEPH F. SMITH AND WIFE, JULINA L. SMITH; WITH THEIR CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN.
Taken on the Golden Wedding Day.

on the tired boys and girls. Again I see the father as he goes from room to room and bed to bed to see that everyone is tucked in for the night. Such memories as these come back when I think of the old home.

After the old home had grown too large and we had decided to rent it, President Smith wanted to go back, but I answered if I could go back with papa and mamas' children all there I would not hesitate, but to go to an empty house, never. And this reminds me of an answer to a letter I wrote to Hyrum, who is presiding over the European Mission, telling him how the old place looked, and how it made me feel, and I will here quote a few lines from his wife's letter to me:

"DEAR AUNT JULINA: Your most welcome and most appreciated letter of May 12 was duly received. The children had just gone to school, so Hyrum and I sat down quietly to read and enjoy the news of our beloved ones at home. Then I read this part of your letter: 'After a good cleaning the place looked so nice that it almost made me homesick. I saw the little children playing in my big room, the one they used to make their playground, and the one they were never sent out of.' I looked up at Hyrum and the big tears were rolling down his face and he said, "That is true. I never remember being sent out of that room by Aunt Julina, in my life, and they were very happy days. Papa and our three mammas worked hard in those days, and each one did his share, and love and unity prevailed. Then he went on and told about the great quantity of fruit that was grown in the orchard, and how all the children that were large enough used to gather and prepare this fruit for drying, and then he related many other reminiscences and wound up by saying, 'Indeed, they were happy days.'"

And so the years pass on, and to our children no doubt memories of their lives will be as sweet as mine are today to me.

On the 5th of May we celebrated my fiftieth wedding anniversary, and that evening we all met together with many of our friends. The following day, President Smith's grandchildren gathered at the Bee-Hive. A photograph was taken of my immediate family which is produced herewith. On the same day a moving picture was taken of President Smith and his grandchildren, which can be filed away for their enjoyment in future years. On the same day, President Smith's oldest grandson, Joseph Smith Nelson, was ordained an elder preparatory to a mission.

Such, in brief, is the recital of a busy and happy life lived in the midst of a modern patriarchal family.

Mother's Day.

By Nephi Anderson.

The husband and the wife filed out slowly with the dispersing congregation. Usually, at the close of the meeting, he lingered to chat and to shake hands with his neighbors; but that evening the wife took him by the arm and said, "Come on, I want to go home."

The husband looked at his wife as they passed out from the close meeting room into the cool evening air. "Aren't you feeling well?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm all right," she replied.

"The air was bad tonight. Why *don't* they have more windows open!"

"Yes; the room was close, but it wasn't that."

As the two walked on homeward, the wife clung to her husband's arm. He drew her hand closely into his. She was not well, he could see that. Usually, light-hearted and talkative, she was silent all the way home. They went into the sitting room, and he threw open the window. The wife sank into the chair by the table, and the husband gently folded a light shawl across her shoulders. Then he sat down by her. The evening was bright with moonlight which fell into the room through the curtained window.

"That was a lovely Mothers' Day program we had this evening," said he. "Mrs. Harrington is quite an orator."

"Yes; and do you know how she made me feel?" replied the wife in a gentle voice, full of feeling. He did not grasp the full meaning of her question, and she saw it, so she continued: "She made me feel how little, how insignificant, how useless, how good-for-nothing I am."

"Why, my dear!"

"Yes; she just as good as said that a woman who had not been a mother is of very little consequence."

"Oh, she did not say that."

"Not in so many words, but her argument led to that conclusion. I've never been a mother, and never shall be, and therefore, I am of very little consequence in the world."

"That's not your fault, my dear. Surely—"

"No; I'm not to blame, as far as I know, but that fact does not alter the case. I am not a mother, and I shall remain without that honor all my days. No matter how much good I may do in other ways, I must miss the supreme destiny of woman. And why—"

The wife bowed her head into her hands and tears trickled through her fingers. The husband put his arm about her.

"My dear, don't do that. Don't feel badly about it."

"Not even a white carnation was given me," she said, as she raised her face and tried to smile through her tears.

"I'll buy you a bouquet of them."

"It was really funny. Mary Jones knows, as everybody knows, that I am not a mother, so when we came in—did you notice—she just skipped me and pinned one of the biggest flowers she had on old Mother Brown who has ten children. Yes, surely, it was Mother's Day."

The husband sat down by his wife, very close, so that he could take her in his arms and kiss her face and stroke her wavy, brown hair, not yet tinged with gray. They smiled again into each other's faces and the little cloud of sorrow seemed to be lifted.

"This is a man-made Mother's Day," he said; "but I want to tell you of a Mother's Day that is coming—coming for all such good, noble women as you."

"All right, tell me."

"Why motherhood is denied wives who desire it, we may not know. We must, in such cases, be content, and trust in the Lord; but this we Latter-day Saints are assured, that some day, all that is coming to every good man and every good woman will be realized. And fatherhood and motherhood is one of these blessings. Though no earthly children may come to their earthly home, there is coming a day when our heavenly home will echo with the glad voices of children innumerable. Let me read to you what the Lord says." He snapped on the electric light. Then he reached for the Book of Doctrine and Covenants lying on the table, and opened it. "This is from Section Seventy-six:

"'This is the testimony of the gospel of Christ concerning them who come forth in the resurrection of the just;

"'They are they who receive the testimony of Jesus, and believe on his name, and were baptized after the manner of his burial, being buried in the water in his name, and this according to the commandment which he has given,

"'That by keeping his commandments they might be washed and cleansed from all their sins, * * *

"'They are they who are the church of the first born.

"'They are they into whose hands the Father has given all things—

"'They are they who are Priests and Kings, who have received of his fullness, and of his glory,

"'And are Priests of the Most High, after the order of Melchizedek, which was after the order of Enoch, which was after the order of the Only Begotten Son;

" 'Wherefore, as it is written, they are Gods, even the sons of God—

" 'Wherefore, all things are theirs, whether life or death, or things present, or things to come, all are theirs and they are Christ's, and Christ is God's; .

" 'And they shall overcome all things.' "

"Yes," said the wife, after a pause in the reading, "that is all very beautiful; but what about it?"

"Why, don't you see, taking for granted that we belong to those who fulfil the requirements, '*all things*' are promised us, 'whether life or death, or things present, or things to come.' Surely, within the compass of 'all things' will be the power to propagate our kind, and raise up a heavenly posterity that shall be ours as truly as we are our Heavenly Father's. Here, let me read from the revelation on Celestial marriage. In speaking of the purposes for which virgins are given to God-fearing men, the Lord says:

" 'For they are given unto him to multiply and replenish the earth, according to my commandment, and to fulfil the promise which was given by my Father before the foundation of the world; and for their exaltation in the eternal worlds, that they may bear the souls of men; for herein is the work of my Father continued, that he may be glorified.'

"Did you note the two divisions of this promise. The first is to multiply and replenish the earth; the second is that they may bear the souls of men, after their exaltation in the eternal worlds. Most good wives fulfil the first requirement, and most of them, we hope, will be worthy to continue their high calling into the worlds to come. And this we are assured, also, that those good wives were spoken of in the revelation, who because of no fault of their own, failed in the first, will not fail in the second, but in their exalted state will bear the souls of men.

"Does it mean all that?"

"Orson Pratt seemed to think so, for here are his footnotes to the expression 'souls of men'. See, here it is in the book: 'that is, the souls or spirits of men to be born in heaven.' "

The wife bent over the book with the husband that she might see for herself. Yes, there it was. It must be true. Never before had this doctrine come so definitely to her. There was a look in her face as she raised it to her husband's that was beautiful to see.

"To '*bear the souls of men*' " he repeated. "Oh, my dear, think of it; motherhood without pain or suffering! To bring forth and then to mother a race of children that shall be your very own throughout the ages of eternity. That day will indeed be Mothers' Day, my dear."

"Yes; and that will be Fathers' Day, too, will it not?"

"For you and for me!"

"Thank you, my husband, for what you have said. I shall be comforted, and try to shape my life to be worthy of that great destiny awaiting us."

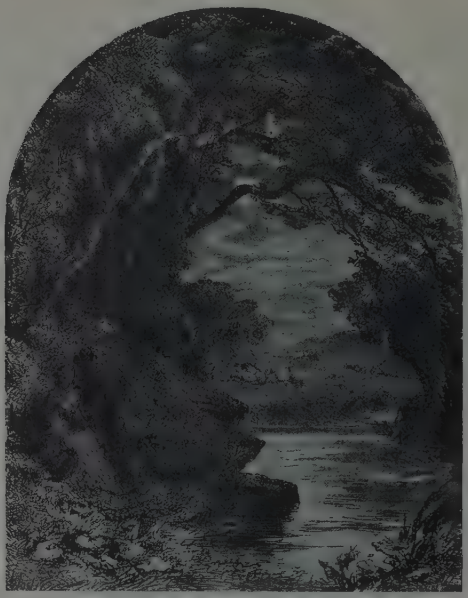
THE TRUEST CALENDAR.

Hazel S. Washburn.

I asked a mother old and worn,
How long she'd walked this vale of tears.
She smiled at me, so sad and wan,
"I think," said she, "a thousand years."
"What jolly times you must have had,"
I said, "when you were young and gay."
A light broke o'er her countenance,
"Ah me, it seems but yesterday."

"But many trials you have borne,"
I then remarked. She softly sighed:
"Oh child! the way was long and hard,
I could have lain me down and died."
"But surely there was recompense?"
I ventured in a transient mood.
"My children, bless them every one,
God has been very, very good."

"How old are you?" I still pursued.
"A thousand years? A happy day?"
A twinkle glimmered in her eye.
She answered me in playful way,
"I'll tell you, dearie, it depends
On which you count, your suns, or showers.
From this time onward, you and I
Must only count our happy hours."



WHEN FIRST WE MET

When first our eyes and when our hands first met,
  That moment, My Beloved, that voice I heard,
  Then to its depth I felt my being stirred,
And ended was the hunger of the years.
O then I heard the music of the spheres,
  The sunshine came into a darkened life,
  And in that moment there was end of strife,
When first our eyes and when our hands first met;

Love waited, and you came to be my own,
  Then sprang the blossoms covered o'er with dew,
And rapture filled with beauty time and place;
  Thy glance, thy hand touch, and thy voice's tone,
These for thy lover made the world anew,
  My fate I learned when I looked on thy face!

Alfred Lambourne

Graduation Exercises

of the Class of Obstetrics and Nursing.

Another successful season for the Relief Society Class in Nursing and Obstetrics has just closed in this city with appropriate exercises. The graduates were young women of intelligence and superior qualifications. The lectures and lessons were of the usual excellent quality and the whole was a gratfying season in every respect.

The following inspired remarks were made

President Francis M. Lyman.

I have been in the business of employing nurses for about four years, giving steady employment all along. Generally, they have been older people. I have had a great variety and, as a rule, we have had splendid satisfaction from those who have helped us. They have been very willing, and sympathetic, and considerate. It has been a little difficult, with those whom I have had in my home, to determine whether they are "trained" nurses, or those who have been instructed in these yearly classes. We look upon those from the hospital—who have had two and three years' experience—as trained, graduate nurses.

It is a very important matter and mission, that you are accepting, and have undertaken, I suppose, because the Relief Society have advised, and are anxious that there should be an ample supply of those who are able to take care of the sick—both poor and rich. And I beg you will treat the sick all alike. So far as I have heard, you are summoned to the houses of those who are able to pay for service, and to those who are not. It is understood that the Relief Society nurses, particularly, are to be ready always for charitable purposes. Be ready always to help the poor.

We have found quite a number of nurses who have helped us, and who have been willing and ready to discover what we have needed, without our telling them. Anything they could put their hands to in the home, they were always ready to do. Generally, the women who have been with us, have been women from a home, who have had people depending upon them—many have been mothers of families, and have had experience in doing all useful and proper labor in the home. Don't be afraid to help in the house in any necessary work when you are not otherwise employed.

One feature I want to emphasize for you, dear sisters, and that is, you do not go into homes to do "drudgery." There is no

such thing as drudgery. People who are able to pay for your service, would be able to give $3 for another girl to do the heavy work, as a rule. Whether they employ you solely for nursing or not, you should be glad to take hold of anything there is to do in the home. You do not go out nursing for pleasure; you go for service. If they are not able to pay for service, you go there without any pay, as charity workers.

Make of yourself a pleasant companion, so that they will want you back again. We have had nurses come to us, over and over again; we have sought them, and they have been willing to come, over and over again. It is quite an accomplishment for nurses to feel at home, and make themselves at home, and be serviceable. If the mistress of the house is the one who is sick, the nurse should relieve her in her household affairs, as well as physically. I suppose it would hardly occur, excepting where no wages at all could be afforded, that a special nurse would be the only one in the house. There is generally a housekeeper, and one to do the washing. We have never had any drudgery in my home. We do not look upon honest work as drudgery. All workers in my home found nothing objectionable in the home. My wives and daughters could take hold of any work readily, to help out, and none of them made drudgery of work.

It is a good thing for a nurse to be on hand to give her services in any direction needed with pay or without pay, and make it just as pleasant when she is paid, as when she is not. When you go out empty handed, you will be greatly blessed by the Lord, and will receive gratitude from the people.

How many of you have had a patriarchal blessing? Ten. Every person should have a patriarchal blessing. We will bless you all, but it will not be in writing. We will bless you and set you apart, asking the Lord to give you wisdom and success. I trust you would not hesitate to give help in any home. I think this should be the duty of every Relief Society nurse; that wherever there is human suffering, you will give and do the best you can. You should not refuse to attend non-"Mormons," but help them as best you can, and with as much solicitude as you would give in the homes of Latter-day Saints.

Everyone one of you should have your patriarchal blessing. Go to a patriarch, and have it written. You will always find patriarchs who are at your service, and you will be able to get blessings from them, and not from anybody else. It is in their line, and belongs to them. They are blessed and set apart, and instructed in that line, and should be, and are, ready to give blessings to those who require them and need them. I have had more than one blessing, and have had those who wanted to bless me. I have appreciated them all. This may occur with you; but at least one patriarchal blessing should be received by each Lat-

ter-day Saint. I want to tell you about these things, so that you will know my views.

It is expected of you that you will continue to be students, and learn more and more, until you become more efficient with practice and experience, so that you will be able to help others, and be fully equipped.

You who are not married, get married, the first opportunity, because a married woman knows a good deal more than one who is not. Take that as a general rule. Generally, unmarried girls are very bright, and have had much experience, but there is an experience and training in the marriage relation, and in the rearing of a family, that cannot be obtained in any other way. Just the same way as with a mission. A young man cannot become so thoroughly trained, but what he needs a mission. I have had friends who have been on missions, and those who have not, and I could always discover something lacking in a man who had not had an experience in the mission field. You cannot get it all at home—a man needs to go abroad.

I want to say further, no man is full-fledged that is not married; and no woman is full-fledged who is not married and a mother. They should marry, and have children of their own, before they are quite perfect. "Man is not without the woman, nor woman without the man, in the Lord." All are lacking, unless they have completed the object of their being. They are not in the Lord complete and perfect, without a family; and marriage is not enough, alone—they need to be fathers and mothers. I always advise that boys and girls should marry and multiply and replenish the earth. That is their calling. They cannot be perfect without this. The Lord will bless you, my dear sisters, in accordance with your labors.

Approach the Lord in prayer, trust Him, and seek for His assistance, and help in whatever you do. Pray before you go into a home, pray after you get there, keep on praying while you have life.

When you have the welfare of a soul in your hands, treat it as very precious. A human life is the most precious thing on the earth. You are expected to give your very best consideration, thought, and wisdom for the benefit of those who need your assistance. We want you to obtain the fellowship and blessings of the Lord, and those you serve will feel a benefit from your touch, your presence, your movements about them, and you will fill them with hope and consolation, and be as ministering angels. Thus, you will find that training and experience will be favorable to you, and it will help your hearts and souls, and comfort you, and give you every consolation which you require.

We bless you, and trust that this General Relief Society class for 1916, under the teaching of Dr. Roberts, will reflect credit upon her splendid efforts and training for you.

Crochet Centerpiece.

By Isabel Whitney Sears.

Stitches used—Chain (ch): catch cotton with hook making a loop, draw cotton with the hook through this loop which makes the first stitch. Repeat. Draw through as many loops as wanted --each loop is terme d a chain stitch.

Slip stitch (sl. st.): put hook through the work, thread over the hook, draw it through the stitch on the hook.

Single crochet (s. c.): having stitch on hook, put hook through work, and draw thread through making two stitches on hook, thread over hook and draw through both stitches.

Treble crochet (t. c.): having stitch on hook, put thread over hook, put hook through work and draw thread through, making three stitches on hook, put thread over hook, draw through two stitches, put thread over hook and draw through the two remaining stitches.

Long treble crochet (l. t. c.): like t .c., except the thread is thrown over the hook twice before inserting in work. The stitches are worked off two at a time as in t. c.

Extra long stitch (e. l. s.): wind thread around hook three times and draw o fftwo stitches at a time, same as t. c.

Picot (p): A picot is made by making four or five chain, going back and drawing thread through first ch. with sl. st.

Wheel—Chain 7, join with sl. st., ch. 3, make 18 t. c. in ring; ch. 18 turn, t. c. in 4th ch. from hook; make 25 t. c. under 15 ch., ch. 1, turn; 25 s. c. in 25 t. c., take up ch. double, ch. 4, make p., sl. st. into first 5 s. c., ch. 4, make p. sl. st. into next 5 s. c. to end, then fasten in 3rd t. c. of ring with sl. st.

2nd spoke—Ch. 15, fasten into 2nd picot of 1st spoke with sl. st., ch. 3, turn; 25 t. c. under 15 ch., ch. 1, turn; 25 s. c. in 25 t. c., ch. 4, turn, make p. sl. st. into first 5 s. c., ch. 4, makes p. sl. st. in next 5 s. c., repeat three times, fasten into 6th t. c.

3rd, 4th and 5th spokes same as second.

6th spoke—Chain 15, join to second p. of 5 spokes with sl. st., ch. 3, turn; 25 t. c. under 15 ch., ch. 1, turn, 25 s. c. into 25 t. c., ch. 4, turn; make p. sl. st. into first 5 t. c., ch. 4, make p. sl. st. into next 5 s. c., ch. 4, make p. sl. st. into next 5 s. c., ch. 2, put hook through lowest point of first spoke, thread over needle, pull through; ch. 2, sl. st. into next 5 s. c., ch. 4, make p. sl. st. into next 5 s. c., sl. st. into st. next to first spoke; fasten thread on wrong side.

1st round—Fasten thread in p. of spoke, ch. 9, join to next p.

with sl. st., ch. 8, join to next p., ch. 9, join to p., ch. 8, join to p., ch. 8, join to p., ch. 9, join to p., ch. 8, join to p., ch. 8, join to p., ch. 9, join to p., ch. 8, join to p., ch. 8, join to p., ch. 9, join to p., ch. 8, join to p., ch. 8, join to p., ch. 9, join in 2nd st. of first 9 ch. with s. st.

2nd round—Chain 1, s. c. in each st. all around, fasten with sl. st, in 1st st. of ch.

3rd round—Same as second round.

4th round—Same as 2nd round, but widen by workikng 2 sts. under 1 ch. at every 8th st., fasten with sl. st. in first st.

5th and 6th round—Same as 2nd round.

7th round—Ch. 4, thread over hook three times, put hook through next ch., thread over, pull through, work off 2 sts. at a time, thread over hook three times, put hook through next st., thread over, pull through, work off two sts. at a time, ch. 5, skip 4 sts., 3 extra long sts. in 3 ch; ch. 5, repeat the spaces with 5 ch. and the 3 long sts. all round, end with 5 ch. s. st. into first.

8th and 9th rounds—Same as 2nd round.

10th round—Same as 2nd round, but widen in every 7th st. by working 2sts. under 1 ch.

11th and 12th rounds—Same as 2nd round.

13th round—Same as 7th round; end with 5 ch.

14th and 15th rounds—Same as second round.

16th round—Same as 2nd round, but widen by working 2 sts. under 1 ch. at every 9th st.

17th and 18th rounds—Same as 2nd round; don't break off thread, but leave until the wheels are all made and joined. The edge wheels are the same as the one in the center. Make one wheel complete and work al lthe second wheel but the picot;; join together, picot in picot as shown in the illustration. Slip st. 6 between picots. Make and join 11 wheels.

Now hold center of doily in left hand, the wheels to the right. You have 1 ch. on hook, put hook through end picot of first spoke from where the wheels arej oined, picot in picot, put hook through center of next st., thread over hook, pull through the 2 sts. and picot at once; sl. st. 5, put hook through next picot and through next st., thread over hook, pull through the 2 sts. and picot, sl. st., 5, put work through next picot and through next st., thread over hook, pull through 2 sts. and picot; sl. st. 6. Keep ch. on hook. To fill the suaces between wheels—thread over hook 4 times, put hook through next picot, thread over hook, pull through, work off 2 sts. at a time leaving the last st. on hook, thread over hook 6 times, put hook through next p. thread over, pull through, work off 2 sts. at a time, keeping last st. on hook, thread over hook 5 times, put hook through next p. Thread over hook, pull through, work off 2 at a time keeping last st. on hook;

thread over hook 4 times, pull hook through p., pull through, work o ff2 at a time, keeping last st. on hook. You now have 5 sts. on hook; put hook through next ch., thread over hook, pull through all 6 sts. at once, sl. st. 6, repeat joining the wheels to center and filling spaces all around; end with filling space when you pull hook through the last 6 sts. in space; sl. st. on to the first p. you started from; break thread and fasten with sewing needle on wrong side.. All ends are fastened on wrong side with sewing needle.

1st round for border—Fasten thread in p. at point of spoke, ch. 5, join to next p., ch. 5, join to p., ch. 5, join to p., ch. 5, join to p., ch. 10, thread over hook four times, fasten into next p. on same spoke, thread over, draw off 2 sts. at a time. Thread over hook, 6 times, fasten to p. where wheels join, thread over hook, draw off 2 sts. at a time; thread over 5 times, fasten in next p., draw off 2 sts. at a time, ch. 10, join to first p. in next spoke. Repeat round and fasten with sl. st.

2nd round—Ch. 1, s. c. in each chain all around.

3rd round—Same as 2nd round, but widen by working two sts. in one ch. at every 7th st. Fasten with sl. st.

4th and 5th rounds—Same as 2nd round.

6th round—Same as second, but widen by working two sts. in 1s. c. at every 7th st., fasten with sl. st.

7th round—Same as 2nd round.

8th round—Ch. 3, 3 t. c. into 3 s. c., ch. 4, skip 4 s. c., 11 s. c.

into 11 s. c., ch. 4, skip 4 s. c., 4 t. c. into 4 s. c., ch. 4, skip 4 s. c., 11 s. c. into next 11 s. c. Repeat all the way around.

9th round—Ch. 3, 1 t. c. into first 2 t. c., ch. 3, 2 t. c. into next 2 t. c., ch. 5, 10 s. c., into 11 s. c., ch. 5, 2 t. c. into first 2 t. c., ch. 3, 2 t. c. into next 2 t. c. Repeat around.

10th round—Ch. 3, 1 t. c. into 2 t. c., ch. 2, 1 t. c. into loop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. into same loop, ch. 2, 2 t. c. into next 2 t. c., ch. 5, 9 s. c. into 10 s. c., ch. 5, 2 t. c. into next 2 t. c., ch. 2, 1 t. c. into loop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. into same loop, ch. 2, 2 t. c. into next 2, t. c., ch. 5, 9 s. c. into 10 s. c. Repeat to the end o frow ; fasten with sl. st.

11th round—Ch. 3, 1 t. c. into the 2 t. c., ch. 2, 1 t. c. into next loop, ch. 2, t. c. into next loop, ch. 2, t. c. into same loop, ch. 2, t. c. into next loop, ch. 2, 2 t. c. into 2 t. c., ch. 5, 8 s. c. into the 9 s. c., ch. 5. Repeat around ; finish with sl. st.

12th round—Ch. 3, 1 t. c., 2 s. c., ch. 2, 1 t. c. into loop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. into next loop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. into next loop ; ch. 2, 1 t. c. into same loop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. inta next loop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. into next loop, ch. 2, 2 t. c. into 2 t. c., ch. 6, 7 s. c. into 8 s. c., ch. 6. Repeat to the end and fasten with sl. st.

13th round—Ch. 3, 1 t. c. into 2 t. c., ch. 2, 1 t. c. into first loop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. into next lop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. into next loop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. into next loop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. into same loop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. into next lop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. into next loop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. into next loop, ch. 2, 2 t. c. into next 2 t. c., ch. 6, 5 s. c. int 7 s. c., ch. 6. Repeat to the end and fasten with sl. st.

14th round—Ch. 3, 1 t. c. into 2 t. c., ch. 2, 1 t. c. into loop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. into next loop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. into next loop, ch. 2, fasten into next same as last until you have 9 loops ending with 2 t. c. into last 2 t. c., ch. 6, 3 s. c. into the 5 s. c., ch. 6. Repeat to end and fasten with s. st.

15th round—Ch. 3, 1 t. c. into 2 t. c., ch. 2, 1 t. c. into loop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. into next loop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. into next loop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. into next loop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. into next loop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. into next loop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. into same loop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. into next loop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. into next loop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. into next loop, ch. 2, 1 t. c. into next loop, ch. 2, 2 t. c. into 2 t. c., ch. 4, 1 t. c. into the 3 s. c., ch. 4, catch hook int first ch. f last 4 ch. Repeat to end and fasten with sl. st.

16th round—Ch. 6, put hook through 2nd ch. to make p., ch. 2, fasten into next loop with sl. st., ch. 6, put hook through 2nd ch. to make p., ch. 2, fasten with sl. st. into next loop to end of round, fasten thread on wrong side. Use No. 50 Royal Society Cotton and No. 14 hook.

I. W. S.

A Prince of Ur.

Homespun.

Nimrod was moody and sad. He had sought his Rabmags—court sorcerers—for comfort and cheer in vain. They had plied their arts to no avail. Augur after augur had been cast, and each had been more gloomy than the last—although the priests had tried in vain to dissemble the results of their incantations. But Nimrod was not so old that he had forgotten his peculiar skill at reading faces and his bold eyes had torn from the inmost thoughts of his attendants the secrets they would fain have hidden from their master's gloomy eyes.

"Why does Mardan linger?" he stormed. No one could answer.

"Bring me my dancing girls"—he commanded sharply. And into his presence they trooped, graceful as gazelles, lithe as their own native acacia trees, beautiful with the dusky bloom of Elam or the fair golden locks of the Western barbarian. Their echoing tamborines and the jingle of their sharp little bangles preceded them as they came with the musical tumult into the Presence.

Scarcely had they begun their evolutions before there was a great outcry in the outer courts, and into the very midst of the dancers plunged the form of a richly clad princelet, his fringes torn and just now trailing yards behind, his embroidered abaya, as well as his inner white linen tunic torn into shreds by the two huge dogs which clung to him as he dashed across the hall of Audience in a frenzy of fear and despair.

It was Mardan. The black dog was at his throat.

"The god of my fathers, with all the demons in hell—what is all this?" screamed the monarch, rising on his throne with sudden rage.

Even as he spoke, a great crowd of snapping, snarling curs of every description ran into the lighted hall, followed by as many soldiers and slaves, and here and there they ran, upsetting exquisite alabaster vases and ivory tables, crushing delicate idols and tearing the splendid tapestries from the walls as they plunged pell mell across the vast spaces of the great Audience hall.

It was but a moment—and the dogs ran out—over the court yard, across exquisite flower beds, uprooting choice plants at every leap—up the garden terraces, along the river walls, down the lovely titled walks that led into the precincts of the Ziggarut proper, and then—horror of superstitious horrors—up the Ziggarut steps they plunged—soldiers and priests after the pack—and as terrace after terrace was mounted, the dogs plunged in

wild rage down—down—first one and then the other—until only the black dog was left—with his yellow mate—to stand at bay in the very shrine of the gods and there they gave battle to their captors. A dozen priests and bare-legged soldiers had been torn and gashed in the frightful melee. When at last one of the two noble mastiffs had been stretched bleeding and dead, upon the jeweled pavement of the shrine, while the other escaped in wild flight down the terraced steps, the priests were themselves too much overcome with anguish and awe at this malevolent omen to follow the black dog in his downward flight. Quiet and order would be restored after a few hours,—well—it was but an omen; others had failed—why not this? So mused Mardan, who stood watching the flight of the pack of attendants.

Not so Nimrod. He cast a glance of bitter hatred at the cause of this new disturbance, and it was only by feigning the most courageous disregard of his late peril or of its dire significance that Mardan could persuade his raging father to listen to his proud, pleading cry.

"What am I? That the Son of the Sun should look with forgiveness on the least of his slaves? What then is the intent of my heart? Is it that I shall be forever unhappy at the feet of my lord? Is he a father to deny his son? Or have I trusted in my own thoughts? Have I not walked according to thy word? Has not thy mouth guided my goings forth, and thy counsels, have they not directed me? Have I not dedicated this great festival to thee and filled thy temple with the booty of my spoils? This is thy dwelling for myriads of years. The whole world is gathering together to dedicate its offerings to thee; thus I have enriched thy domain. I am the great High Priest of the sacred shrine of Ishtar. I have prepared to be sacrificed three choice damsels, daughters of Onitah, and their own baby brother—the innocent offering of his father's breast—the head of the son for the head of the father he shall give—the breast of the son for the breast of the father he shall give."

The grim and surly humor of the king was visibly shaken by the sound of this proud—if somewhat bombastic recital, delivered by a man clothed in torn and tattered raiment who had controlled his own fear through some strong motive, and who now stood, alike fearless of man and of the dark omen of the dogs which had thrust their impious presence into the very sanctuary of the holy Assyrian god—Merodach.

"What hast thou further to say to me, prince Mardan?"

Nimrod knew very well that all of Mardan's labors and all his chesty avowals were centered on the single point of usurping the post held now by Terah, that of Petesi of Ur; for ambition was Mardan's passion—wine and women were but his dalliance. Like father, like son. There was a half doubt, a half pleasure in

listening to Mardan's ornate appeal to his vanity. Yet—Nimrod was restless, and he must be appeased.

Mardan drew the rags of his once elegant attire about him, and with a proud smile of disdain directed at the cowering dancing girls who had shrunk into a far corner when the black dogs had entered the hall, but who now gathered about him in the idle, frivolous fashion common to court favorites—to them Mardan vouchsafed nought but a contemptuous stare. His was higher aim.

"Your gracious majesty—O Sun, have I not obeyed the orders of thy lips? And thy counsels, have they not guided me? Have I not given glory to thee, to the ends of the earth?"

Now fully appeased, but still furiously impatient, Nimrod paused to make reply in the stately language of the court.

"Rejoice and be glad. Behold, I am near thee. My hand is with thee and I am more to thee than a million of men. I have found thy heart firm in valor, and my heart exults thereat. But haste, what of the princess Sarai?"

"It is of the Princess Royal I would speak. Behold, she approaches this very hour decked in the royal robes of her father's house, riding in her flower-filled chariot, accompanied by her singing maidens and her tiring maidens, her court maidens and her closet friends in waiting, veiled as the high priestess of Ishtar should be veiled. She appears now at the gates of this palace wall to greet thee and to extend the hand of the neophyte-royal. She comes to seek thy gracious pleasure and after this night's initiation in the mysteries of Mylitta's pavement at the hands of your most glorious majesty—shall she not be crowned as the queen Ishtar of the Ziggarut of Ur—the goddess of the moon—Korash, to sit in the shrine and to deliver to the children of men the oracles of Nimrod-Merodach?"

"That is well, Mardan. I could forgive thee much for this one deed of thine. Nimrod hath no place in his memory where his faithful sons have been blotted out from his own triumphs. I like thy speech—I like most pleasing well the tidings thou hast brought. I shall receive the princess Sarai as befits a royal queen of the province of Ur. Let her come into my presence as soon as her train approaches."

"A moment, most powerful of gods. There is just one request sent by my lady-queen, and that is—"

"Speak it—speak it, Mardan, don't mumble and cringe—"

"Gracious Sun-god, the princess hath the modesty of her sex, and the right jealousy of her surpassing beauty. She hath put up her petition to the sun-god, that he will permit her to remain veiled in his presence till this evening be gone, lest her eyes should be blinded and her face shrivel in the refulgence of the fire and glory which beams from thy god-like eye."

Nimrod sat silent—while Mardan stood, pale and yet composed as if he were but the bearer of a maiden's modest wish for proper protection in such strange, sudden and unexpected plight.

"Her request shall be on my knees," said Nimrod subtly; "she shall not regret her devotion to my religion and my service."

With a swing of his great arms, Nimrod indicated that he would have no more speech. But even as he spoke, the sound of timbals and the tinkling of zithers proclaimed the approach of the royal cortege. They came, one great perfumed mass of flower-wreathed loveliness, their stately carriage and their red-lipped, yet refined physical Semitic luxuriance dimming the glory of their coarser Assyrian sisters of the harem who were the court favorites and dancing women of Nimrod's train.

Nimrod saw the elegant sweep of white tissues, the curl of dark eyelashes, the rounded limb of a young goddess here and there in the feminine train which now quite filled his audience chamber. He nodded his approval and the long files opened to admit the more stately approach of a tall and veiled figure that was like a Nile lily sweeping on its wind-tossed stem. There was so much hateur in the carriage of the head that its lines caught and held the glance of the monarch. There was pride to match his own. There was haughtiness surpassing that of every queen of his long and capricious reign. The long limbs moved with a willowy grace that was almost too seductive. Nimrod frowned. He had caught but one passing glimpse of this sequestered beauty in her father's palace—but he had not thought her voluptuous—quite the contrary. And yet, in the very panther-like movements of these tissue-clad limbs there was to the practiced eye of the old *roue* a hint of sophistication which surprised no less than it annoyed. He was visibly disappointed. Yet, he could discover very plainly the rich sweep of midnight hair which escaped its jeweled fillet underneath the filmy veil and fell in midnight wonder to the very ankles of the proud beauty who stood—not with the bowed head of an innocent damsel, but with level eyes studying her captor, as he sat bulked low in the huge carved, golden and ivory throne under its canopy of rich jewels and lustrous tapestries. The girl was undeniably exquisite in her stately uprightness, as she stood, neither speaking nor crouching, but expectant and proudly silent as became a queen of the house of Terah.

"My queen, thou hast the favor of thy lord—" said Mardan, unable longer to bear the stress of the long and breathless silence.

"At the feet of my lord, the king, my god, my sun-god, seven times seven I prostrate myself. Seven times seven I kiss the hem of thy robes, my lord, and my god."

At the softly spoken words the damsel had slipped to the floor, and over the huge sandalled feet of the king, she let the

trailing glory of her hair sweep like a veil of perfumed silence. The touch was wine in Nimrod's veins.

"The shadow of the glorious sun-goddess which I waited for is in thy face and form, be thou who thou mayst be. In that shadow my soul shall abide for this hour—the king hath sworn it —leave us."

With an outward commanding gesture, the monarch swept the mass of idle couriers and attendants out of his presence, leaving only his private retinue. Mardan was also excluded from the approaching festivities which were to be royally private as befitted the exclusive dignity of a king. And Mardan was glad to go, for he had other and vastly important business which awaited consummation. He withdrew with pompous ceremony, folding his torn garments about him.

Nimrod gave the signal for the entertainment to begin. He had planned to astonish his fair guest with his kingly gorgeousness rather than to awe her with any glimpse of his great personal prowess, for with the contempt of the strong for their own strength, he delighted more in those qualities which were entirely apart from his brute triumphs. The princess should be wooed with the graces of the court, not crushed by the coarse evidences of his physical supremacy. Nimrod was a cunning man. And with that cunning he united some of the artistic fancies which had come down to him from his remote ancestors on the maternal side—Jubal and Tubal-Cain.

The court musicians struck up their clashing melodies. Out from the dusky recesses of the far end of the now dimly lighted audience hall, treading lightly between the huge carved and fluted pillars of the wonderful chamber, came a vast procession of slaves, bearing fruit baskets of silvered wire, with salvers of gold on which rested great clusters of dark and white grapes, globes of juicy apricots, dates and figs, and yellow-red pomegranates—followed by the cup-bearers holding aloft their precious vintages, no less costly than the jeweled chalices in which they sparkled and glowed. And as this artistically arranged procession reached the foot of the throne, the lights of the palace were suddenly increased a thousand fold, so that the princess might behold upon the frieze of the walls the presentment of the very scene she was witnessing, embossed and carved in exquisitely conceived colors and rainbow-tinted relievo. She gasped with keen, apprehensive pleasure. Nimrod was reproducing in her his own late surprised joy.

Next followed a band of stringed musicians, the chords of delight struck upon their quivering harmonies vibrated from nerve to nerve of the charmed listeners. These were youths, clad in the court garments of white linen, here and there jewelled fillets ca-

ressing their tightly curled locks which hung upon their shoulders, and from their scanty yet gleaming white attire wafted great billowing waves of perfumes of the sandalwood which formed their lyres. Anon they tapped their sandals with muffled insistence on the richly tiled floors of the hall.

After these came a certain few of the court dancing women. And the exquisite coloring of their filmy orange, blue, red, gold, or silver robes dazzled the eyes of the onlooker. For the colors were carefully graded symbols of the accepted shades of the seven planets. As they circled or twisted in slow and lovely rhythms, the artistic blending of their rainbow effects was so thrilling that the girl who sat at the feet of the king almost swooned with sensuous delight. Their perfumes were attar of roses in delicious restraint of suggestiveness rather than open oppressiveness. Back of these came other dancers, and these increased the rapidity of their movements, but their robes were of pale shadowy tints as became the daughters of Babylonian princes. These were followed again by the trained Egyptian muscle dancers. Their swart, yet elegantly supple bodies were almost nude, only the flashing jeweled girdles masked their slim and delicately moulded bodies. As they began their swirling movements, the veiled princess on the throne steps hid her eyes under her hands. It was the first time she had ever seen these far-famed dancers from the Egyptian courts of the Pharaohs. But as no one spoke to her, she gradually lifted up her eyes, for she was determined that she would not lack in any essential which could catch and hold the errant fancy of this huge monarch of the whole earth. The perfumes rising from the incense bowls did not overpower the subtler but more penetrating ungents of the Jatamansi or spikenard which floated about these stationary writhers like a circular spiral, uprising cloud of ethereal suggestion.

The entranced and excited girl on the steps of the throne was by this time convinced that the things taking place before her eyes were so rarely conceived in their gradations of color, sound and motion that generations of artists' dreams had evolved the final perfection of their composition. Her perception of the perfumes which had one by one assailed her sensitive nostrils proved that they had been chosen with no less artistic thought than were the other features of this gorgeous and inconceivable entertainment. That the refined and luxurious Chaldeans loved perfumes as her own people did music she had known for long. But that they could deliberately steal from the sacred sanctuary its secrets of o'ors with which to entrance the senses of the courtier was of itself a startling, yet not unpleasant sensation. She lifted her delicate nostrils and drew in deeply the mystic spell of the sensuous perfumes drifting about her in the lofty spaces of the great Hall of Audience. Ah, why should Abram deny to her all the dear de-

lights, of music, and color and perfume—just to focus them upon the worship of a god whose very Name was not even to be pronounced. How different was this adulation of her own person and the individual kingly effort to win her smiles and her heart. She was touched to the core of her vain, selfish, sordid soul. This was the true meaning of Life. To enjoy—to give and to receive the pleasure of the senses. With the thought, she lifted up her arms unconsciously, and caressed the feet, huge and sinewy, of the king at whose feet she lay.

A scream rang through the palace. Another and another, mingled with swift Assyrian curses, and the hoarse bellowing of a dog whose baying wrath smote upon the perfumed silence of the hall within with cruel suddenness.

It was the great black dog returning from the chase around the terrace and grounds of the Ziggarut.

Straight for the throat of Nimrod the great beast came in leaps and bounds with hanging tongue blood-red, and foam-flecked driveling jaws. He stayed not, nor did he falter. The monarch turned with ashy paleness at the ill-omened intrusion, but he was Nimrod still. He arose to his full height swiftly and braced himself for the charge. He would not even deign to go down from his throne steps to meet the black precursor of evil tidings. But he did turn and sweep the girl on the throne steps into safety behind his seat. She stood upright, determined to see the whole scene. And such a scene!

Nimrod caught the maddened beast in his two great hands, and at first he simply twisted the neck of the dog and threw him from him. But the dog rose up—arching his back in agony, and spat out his vomit upon the very steps where the princess had been sitting.

Reaching down, Nimrod seized the brute, and with tremendous grip he tore from its roots the tongue of the crazed animal, and flung it far from him. The dog fought wildly and flung himself from his grasp as he swung voiceless, soundless and blood-dripping around and around the whole area of that huge vast hall, the dancers and musicians huddling in terror-stricken groups, while the screaming girls clung to each other or some disengaged man with wild and terrible agony. Suddenly some dancer moaned out as if the words were torn from her body—

"An omen—an omen—"

Instantly Nimrod was down from the throne, and catching the brute who had been allowed by the terror-stricken attendants free passage between their helpless ranks, he seized the body of the animal, and actually crushed its bones into jelly as he encircled the quivering and soon lifeless body. He flung it from him as if it had been a mouse.

A few steps from him the poor frightened girl was prone upon the floor moaning her plaint—

"It is an omen—an omen—O Nindar preserve us from the Maskin—an omen—"

And without a moment's hesitation, as soon as Nimrod had finished his slaughter of the brute, he seized the quivering form of the girl and strangled her remorselessly. He turned thundering to his guards, who by this time had rushed pell-mell into the hall, and bellowed at them—

"Death to all cowards. Strike, I say strike."

A scene of confusion and murder followed which were impossible to describe. Surely, the princess had been witness to the brute forces which kept this relentless giant on his throne. But when Nimrod approached her in the midst of the screaming carnage, she merely stepped out from behind the throne to receive his bloody hand and together they left the hall, now crowded with the attendants and the fully cowed priests and courtiers.

Nimrod bent graciously above this girl whose fierce spirit had risen up ruthlessly to answer the supreme challenge of his mighty soul. She was his physical mate, young as she was, old as he might be! Together they left the hall!

In the inner chamber, the king sat upon his couch, the princess beside him.

After the magnificent banquet, the rich entertainment, the varied pleasures, and the awful horrors had closed in the early evening's strange surprises, Nimrod stood before his captive, and with the puzzled frown still upon his brow, he said:

"Like and yet unlike. Not Sarai and yet thou hast pride, courage and will—thou art not that being of supreme charm and beauty, the Princess Sarai. Who and what art thou?"

The girl sat at his feet, her head bowed in her hands, the veil of her seclusion still folded about her brows.

"I am a princess of the house of Terah. The sister's sister of that other proud and self-willed Sarai, whom all men and women love because of her superior arts and her more finished graces. Me they tolerate—her they adore. What have I done? What have I left undone? Every lesson in grace and culture that she has learned hath been conned by me. Every toil that she has undertaken I have duplicated. And yet, to her is given the crown of supremacy, to me the girdle of jealous bondage. And now—even my veil will not suffice to make me as Sarai in the eyes of my lord."

The sobbing breaths of the proud confession struck the remains of chivalry that still lingered in the heart of the huge man who bent above her, himself half repelled and half fascinated by her unearthly charm.

"Be thou what thou art, but be jealous of no woman. It is the canker which eats out the heart of human souls as rust doth consume the iron wedge. Jealousy is a rage of kings, but becomes a sword in the breast of a tender woman."

"Even thou dost assail me," she wept with bitter unrestraint.

Nimrod soothed and scolded the girl. But after all, he was grateful for the unusual diversion after this swift and omen-plagued evening and he was disposed to be more than ordinarily gracious and forgiving for both the deception practiced upon him and the disappointment to his highest hopes. There were other days and nights. Sarai was still to be conquered. Just now—the business in hand was quite sufficient.

Suddenly in the still watches of the night the ghostly howl of a dog sounded long and penetrating through all the corridors of the Ziggarut. Nimrod ran instantly into his audience chamber. With the rage of a wild animal, he beat upon his hands for his frightened attendants. It was the omen—the omen!

Lights fluttered and came up, courtiers and soldiers and priests gathered in the Audience hall of the Ziggarut. Nimrod stood like a huge, restless ghost. Behind him walked the daughter of Terah—Iscah—with no trace of cowardice or shrinking in her soul. She might lack many lovable traits, but the courage of her race, reinforced by the teachings of her childhood which protected her from the childish torments of the superstitious, made her at this juncture the ideal counselor of the king. And still at intervals, sounded the faint, ghastly echo of that dog's braying.

Wtih a proud sweep of her uncovered arms, her face glowing with the fires of a thousand vaulting hopes and worldly ambitions, this far from happy, but vain-glorious girl now set herself to use the gifts of her prophetic ancestry to stay the wild disorder she saw sweeping through the palace, all because of a howling, ghostly dog, somewhere in the distance across the courts. Iscah stood up veiled and prophetic beside Nimrod.

"Ishtar says," quoth the girl in her wild ecstasy, "fear not, Nimrod. The breath of inspiration which speaks to thee is spoken to me, and I conceal it not. Thine enemies shall melt away from before thy feet like the floods of Sivan. I am the mighty mistress Ishtar of Arbella who will put thine enemies to flight before thy feet."

All eyes were turned, in the flaring oil torches of sudden ligthing, upon the uplifted face of the princess of the house of Terah. She stood with both arms extended and lifted above her head, her face as colorless as alabaster walls of the palace chamber under the tissues of her veil. Her eyes gleamed like stars, and she was the incarnation of unearthly inspiration. Some of the

dancing girls who had crowded into the hall, shrank in grave fear before the fierce gleam of her eyes, and the piercing tones of her high-pitched voice. But Nimrod lowered his scepter before her and his face lighted with renewed hope and courage. This was the very tonic he needed.

As the instant pause was made, there issued from some inner courtyard the crude spitting and yowling of a score of cats—and instantly there was another scene of confusion. Two death omens in one night was unbearable to these superstitious Chaldeans. But in the midst of it all the voice of the girl rang out like the clarion call of a soul seated on the heights of human courage, gazing with unholy awe upon the decrees writ in the spirit world.

"Fear not, O Nimrod. I am Ishtar of Arbella. Where are the words which I spake unto thee? Thine enemies, the Urkians, do I give unto thee. I am Ishtar of Arbella. In front of thee and at thy side do I go, I march. Fear not, thou art in the midst of these that can heal thee and guard thee. I shall be in the midst of thine host. I advance, I stand still. This is the torture of thine enemies which thou hast heard presaged before thee this night."

Her words acted like some strong stimulant to the jaded monarch's courage. Some long-forgotten remembrance of the true prophetic gifts of the house of Shem entered into his soul and he felt that there must be some truth in what the girl was crying. He would be all man—all king. These sorceries and witchcrafts were all-sufficient to his blind and cruel followers—they were the leash with which he held them down. But for himself—was he not a high priest after the order of the Divine One? Did he not possess the royal garments and the robe of the priesthood which his father Cush had given him after it was stolen from Noah by Ham in the ark? He would have done with childish fears. And he would command the forces of nature by right of his inherited priesthood. He would put on the robes of his priesthood.

"What ho—begin thy labors. Nimrod will prepare at once for the sacrifices of Ishtar."

"Spoken like a king and a high priest," cried Iscah boldly. She loved courage in man as she loved her own vanity. And together, Nimrod and his newly chosen queen hurried to their chamber to prepare for the midnight ceremony.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Home Science Department.

Janette A. Hyde.

Utah should be intensely interested in the manufacture and consumption of sugar. The use of sugar is of exceedingly recent origin. Only a century old, so to speak. The sugar-cane was known by the ancient Arabs and Egyptians, but was used very little. It was introduced by the Arabs in Egypt and the southern part of Europe in the middle ages. From 1420 its cultivation spread somewhat through the tropical countries and was brought over to the West Indies in 1641. It flourishes only in tropical countries. Maple-sugar is a native American product. Cane-sugar was not manufactured to any extent until the year 1830. In India the juice is still extracted by hand in small roller mills.

The sugar-beet is a cultivated variety of mangel-wurzel. A Berlin chemist in 1760 discovered the sugar from this white variety of beet and France at once set about its cultivation. Both Strabo and Marco Polo describe for us the use of cane-sugar among the East Indians, but even they knew nothing of the wonderful sugar-beet. The first sugar-beet factory was established in Selesia in 1801. It was not, however, until after 1830 that it secured a firm footing even in Europe. As late as 1840 the world's whole production of cane-sugar was 1,000,000 tons, of beet sugar 50,000 tons. In 1900 the world's production was 2,850,000 tons of cane-sugar and 5,950 tons of beet-sugar.

The first sugar factory built in Utah was the Lehi plant, in 1891, in which year they turned out 1,000,000 pounds of sugar. We now have seven factories in this state, and in 1914 the farmers of Utah raised and delivered to the sugar companies 613,840 tons of beets for which they were paid $3,000,000. The beets produced 76,000 tons of finished sugar. An army of men were employed to work these beets, over 100,000 tons of coal was used, 35,000 tons of lime rock, 7,000 tons of coke and several hundred thousand dollars' worth of other manufacturing material.

Utah ranks fourth among the States of the Union in its production of sugar and number of factories, Colorado being first, with fourteen factories, California second in production, with eleven factories, and Michigan third, with fifteen factories. Idaho has four factories, and produces about half as much sugar as Utah, and less than Montana, which has but one factory. About ten factories are idle this year, a fact principally due to the removal of nearly all of the tariff duty on sugar, and the fear of free sugar, which was to become effective May 1, 1916, but which the government was afraid to enforce. The production of

sugar in the United States in 1913-14 was 638,400 tons, Utah giving 76,000 tons of that amount.

Only one-fifth of Utah made sugar is locally consumed. The balance finds a market in other states.

Sugar has been protected by legislation in every country of the world. The bounty system of Europe (which means that the government has aided the sugar producers by giving a bounty), induced the British government to endeavor to regulate this bounty question. They met in 1888 and did nothing but talk about it. They met again in 1896 and again did nothing but talk about it. The European powers met in 1898, all but France, who was then the great sugar producing country, wanted regulation. In 1907 the British Minister Grey again tried to induce the other countries to lower their bounty standards. Imagine what it would have meant to Utah had our government forced the ill-begotten law on May first of this year, lifting the bounty off of American sugar. The one great financial difficulty that faces us now as a state and as a nation, is to get the sugar-beet seed from Europe where it is grown.

In domestic uses sugar is an invaluable adjunct to the table. It is a stimulant and heat producing material when eaten in any of its forms. It is a great preservative for fruit as every housewife knows. Its myriad uses begin with medicines and end with candy. There is no question but what Americans use too much candy, but scientists have discovered that sugar, eaten in moderation, satisfies the craving for stimulants, and it is now supplied to armies in vast quantities.

There has been some prejudice against beet-sugar, but loyal Utah housewives do not share in these prejudices. The United States Agricultural Department, through scientific experiments, announced that beet sugar was the peer of all sugar manufactured for every purpose and anyone who says anything to the contrary is talking fables and nonsense.

Sugar may be rising—so is flour and meat and vegetables. We have to live, we housewives, and keep our families well fed, no matter if it does cost us money to do so. We suggest a little less use of candy and a little more use of sugar in simple desserts and fruit.

FRUIT DRYING.

This is the month when good housewives will begin to think about fruit drying whether they do it or not. It is a grievous social sin that fruit should be grown and left to rot by the hundreds of bushels on the ground. Invidious freight rates may cause a portion of that waste, but the women of the Relief Society can do something towards correcting the evil. We suggest that fruit drying parties be given in every ward where fruit is raised,

and that not an apple, peach, plum, pear or apricot shall be wasted that can be properly dried.

Peel your peaches and apples, discard the decayed ones; watch the drying fruit that it is not rained upon, cover it with mosquito bar and keep just as clean as is possible.

Did you ever make peach leather and apple butter? We suggest that you try these pioneer delicacies this year.

The Home Science Department and their associate committees in the stake and ward boards will be glad to act as a clearing house for the distribution of dried fruit where any ward has a surplus and can afford to give the same to the poor in wards where they have none.

Sweet corn should also be dried, taking pains to select the best corn, which has not been allowed to get too ripe and drying it in the usual approved fashion. The Horsley Brothers of Brigham City and the Co-operative Store in Pleasant Grove carry delicious dried fruits in the fall months at very reasonable prices. Mrs. Sarah Hovey, Millville, Utah, puts up hundreds of pounds of delicious dried corn if the order is sent in in the summer time. Please let this department know what you are doing in the drying of fruit for distribution to the poor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cheese cloth bags filled with bran are excellent for cleaning wall paper. Bran bags are used instead of soap, for the face and hands. It is also used for washing delicate fabrics instead of soap water. Bran water is just as effective, and is not injurious.

Cleaning Linoleum.

Go over your linoleum once a week with a cloth dipped in a mitxure of equal parts of turpentine and linseed oil. It will make the linoleum look like new.

When making a bread or custard pudding, try flavoring it with essence of ginger, it gives a delicious flavor. Use about the same amount as you would lemon or vanilla.

The use of tissue paper cannot be too highly recommended for greasing bread or cake tins. It is also very useful for wiping off grease from pots and pans, before putting in dish-water. It is also very useful in giving a polish to glassware and windows.

Stale Bread.

Cut your stale bread into finger lengths, dip in milk for a minute, put on a buttered tin in the oven until crisp, spread with butter, and serve while hot, with jam or syrup.

Current Topics.

James H. Anderson.

THE TELEPHONE controversy in Salt Lake County took an unusual course—it went in favor of the customers.

PREPAREDNESS for war has swung to the other limit of the pendulum from the ultra peace propaganda of two years ago in the United States.

THE FILIPINOS will not be independent of the United States for some time to come, the bill for granting independence to the Philippines having failed in Congress.

EQUAL SUFFRAGISTS are making great headway in national lines. The immediate future may not record complete success, but a victorious conclusion is drawing rapidly near.

U. S. AMBASSADOR GERARD, at Berlin, says peace is on the way. As yet he has failed to furnish a time-schedule for its journey.

THE NORWAY FISH-CATCH for 1916 has been purchased by Great Britain, thus forming another link in the starvation blockade against Germany.

HIGH TAXES add to the high cost of living in Utah this year, and many are the protests that go up to the boards of equalization in every county of the State; and the end is not yet.

BULGARIAN TROOPS have entered Greece, and there has been fighting with the British and French troops. Constantine's kingdom is thus getting a taste of war, even though he will not fight.

THREE EGGS A WEEK and no meat for certain periods in Germany is a government regulation there which indicates anything but a well-fed people—but it is war.

ITALY has met with a severe military defeat at the hands of Austrian troops, thereby losing advantages heretofore gained by almost a year of hard fighting.

WAR and rumors of war still mark the ascending scale, the

latest threatened field being South America, where three new revolutions have broken out during the past month.

JESSE GESAS, the Salt Lake automobilist who ran his car into and killed two young people who had just alighted from a street-car, has been convicted of involuntary manslaughter. This action by the courts may prove a salutary lesson to automobile "speeders."

AIR RAIDS in the European war zone do not seem to diminish in frequency, notwithstanding the fact that the number of aerial warriors to be brought down is increasing with considerable rapidity.

GASOLINE is so scarce in Germany owing to war needs that U. S. Ambassador Gerard has had to give up his automobile trips in Berlin. The experience may keep him among the peace advocates for this country.

AT VERDUN, France, the German assault has lasted for more than 100 days, with little gain in territory, and the loss of nearly 400,000 men; the French lines holding with considerable firmness, and losses about two-thirds those of the Germans.

BERLIN says it does not want President Wilson as a peace-maker in Europe. But, then, the kaiser need not fear any offer of the President's services—these may be enforced by a sterner hand when the game is finally called.

AMALGAMATION of the interurban electric lines running from Payson, Utah, to Preston, Idaho, a distance of over 200 miles, is being sought by the management of the now three distinct companies. This would make of all the line an inter-state railway.

COMMUNITY COOKING has been adopted in some parts of Germany as a means of conserving the food supply and as affording opportunity for its equitable distribution. At any rate, all should get the same quality of food.

ANOTHER BEET SUGAR FACTORY for Utah. This one is to be erected on the west side of Cache Valley, arrangements therefor having been definitely made. Which means thousands of dollars' increase to our Utah farmers.

WIRE-TAPPING of the telephone system in New York has resulted in the indictment there of the mayor and a police commis-

sioner. It is held that such a theft of information is not made justifiable by reason of the "tappers" holding public office.

Louis D. Brandeis has been confirmed as justice of the United States Supreme Court—the only instance in American history where a person against whom such accusations were made has received the approving vote of a majority of the Senate.

Venustiano Carranza, whom President Wilson's Mexican policy aided materially in placing at the head of our southern neighbor's national affairs, has turned on the hand that befriended him, and the outlook for relations between this country and Mexico seems darker than at any time during the past three years.

Indian War Veterans in Utah are given another concession in the way of government pensions. Congressman Joseph Howell has worked persistently for this for twelve years past, and has won his contention against great odds. When the bill had passed the House, the two Utah Senators were not slow in getting it through the Senate.

Another Mexican Raid into United States territory occurred on May 6, and the raiders were pursued across the line by American troops, who killed or captured many of the bandits. Foreign Minister Aguilar of Mexico announced that the raid was organized in the United States—a specimen of Mexican official prevarication which is becoming frequent.

An Anti-prohibition campaign in Utah has been inaugurated by certain interests represented by Robert W. Brown of Cleveland, O., and some Utah politicians not in harmony with the temperance sentiment now generally prevalent in this part of the country. "Business clubs" are being organized to fight prohibition. But the people are wise to this subterfuge.

Great Britain has advised all its representatives in the United States to observe carefully the laws of this country. This counsel was given before there were any prosecutions of British representatives for violating those laws. Germany has given similar advice, but not until a number of Germans had been indicted; and one of the indicted Teutons, Captain Boy-Ed, was specially honored by the kaiser when he left this country because of unneutral conduct.

Plain Gossip.

By Mrs. Grundy.

"I don't know what I'm going to do,' I says to Car'line, as me and her was rockin' on her front porch. "I am plain crazy over my Ted."

"What's the matter with Ted?" she sez.

"Hain't you seen him with one o' them cigerits in his mouth, skulkin' behind your barn?"

"No I ain't," she says, "and if I did I wouldn't be 'tal surprised."

"What d' you mean Car'line?" says I.

'I mean jist what I sed," says she, "I wouldn't be one mite surprised to see your boys smokin' cigerits nor your man drinkin' beer."

"Here, Car'line, what's come over you to talk like that? What's me and my family done to you that you make sech a crack as that for, at us?"

"Nothin' to me Marthy,—it's what you're doin' to yourself and your family."

At that I jist bridled and sassed back. "Well, Car'line, I come to talk things over a little and not to git insulted right on your own porch." And I ris' right up and started home.

"Keep your jacket on, Marthy," says she, "and sit right down. I have been waitin for years for this yere chance to speak my mind to you, and I am goin' to do it right now."

I guess my cheeks was burnin' and I took purty mad, so Car'line caught hold of my hand and says:

"Now, Marthy, you have got consid'able sense in your head, in spite of the fact that you weigh 180 pounds without your shoes. You jist set right down and listen to your best friend and take your medicine. I ain't seen your boy smokin' cigerits nor your man drinkin' beer, but I jist wondered and wondered and wondered how in the name of common sense you can drink coffee for breakfast and tea for dinner, day after day, and day after day, and expect your folks to have more sense 'en you've got. I should think that coffee'd choke you every time you take a mouthful. You bein' Ted's mother, and the Lord expectin' you to set an example to him, makes it a heap sight worse for you to drink coffee and tea than it would if you was an old maid. They're talking a whole lot 'bout gettin' prohibition, and you jest better believe I am goin' to work to get it, hard as I know how, but it clean beats me to see anyone professin' to be a 'Mormon' fightin'

for prohibition when they pour tea and coffee down their throats all the time."

"Land o' mercy," I says, then, "do you think coffee is as bad as tobacco?"

"I certainly think it breaks the Word of Wisdom, jist as bad; 'en when a mother 'lows herself to set sech bad examples for her children, how can she expect them to be stronger and wiser 'en she is? Mind you, I never expect to clean out all the bad men out of this yere state when we git prohibition, but I certainly do expect the women who belong to this yere Relief Society 'ill have sense enough and religion enough to start the thing right by quitting all their tea and coffee. That is the kind o' prohibition talk I am goin' to talk," she says, says she.

"And what about all this chocolate candy the girls make now days and stuff by the pound?" says I.

"Purty nigh as bad," says she. "Our girls git a cocaine jag on them every time they git outside o' a pound box of chocolate candy."

"I thought these doctors tell," I sez, "that a little home-made candy's all right," I sez.

"A little maybe," she flares back, "maybe it is—two pieces, not *two pounds!*"

"There's one sentence in the Word of Wisdom that mighty few people read, that all good things of the earth are for man, but are to be 'used with prudence.' Prudence, that's the word. There's scurc'ly a man or woman in this Churc hbut what eats for the pleasure of it, and not for the prudence of it."

"Yes," I says, "I guess we ought not to eat meat, if we keep the Word of Wisdom."

"Now, Marthy," she says, says she, "you go home and read your Doctrine and Covenants and you will find it told plain there that he that sayeth not to eat meat the same is not of God. All things is ordained for man to be used with prudence."

"Even tea and coffee," I says.

"No," she says, says she. "They might be a good medicine, but nobody ever keeps 'em strictly for medicine; they jist drink it cause it tastes good, that's all and 'cause it feels good, and the selfish, disobedient motive which makes you drink tea and coffee is the very same motive which makes Ted smoke his cigerit. They's stimulants in whiskey, tobacco, tea and coffee, and they's all included in the 'Mormon' prohibition," she says. "You jist go home, Marthy, and think over this tea and coffee proposition. I want you to help me get prohibition this fall and you can't start out to tell other folks to keep the Word of Wisdom when you break it yourself."

Notes from the Field.

Amy Brown Lyman.

Among the many splendid branches working under the virile presidency of Mrs. Mary Smith Ellsworth of the Northwestern States Mission is the Relief Society of the Evansville Branch, a

picture of which we here reproduce. It is a pleasure to be thus associated with our sisters out in the mission in the good work of the Relief Society.

Benson Stake. On Tuesday, May 2nd, Miss Gertrude McCheyne of the Agricultural College lectured before the Relief Society of Richmond on the Household Budget. There were present at the meeting 105 members, 5 stake officers and 40 teachers. After the meeting luncheon was served to all present.

Bear River Stake. A very pleasant social and surprise was recently tendered to Mrs. Mosiah Evans, First Counselor of the Bear River Stake, at the Garland Ward chapel, just before her removal to Spanish Fork, Utah. The social was given in the form of a farewell party and a tribute to Mrs. Evans for her faithful labors in the Relief Society. Mrs. D. E. Manning presided, and beside the stake and local officers and workers in the Society, there were in attendance the Stake Presidency and their wives, a number of High Councilors and Bishops and their wives.

A very interesting program was carried out and an excellent luncheon was served in cafeteria style. Carnations and other beautiful flowers were used as decorations. Mrs. Evans was presented with an engraved gold ring made from Utah gold, and a book of poems, "Musings and Memories," by Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells.

South Sanpete Stake. Mrs. Jane H. Bench, First Counselor in the South Sanpete Stake, recently retired from the Stake Presidency on account of ill health. The stake officers held a party in honor of Sister Bench and an enjoyable program was given and refreshments served. Mrs. Bench was presented with a copy of the book of poems, "Musings and Memories," by Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells. Mrs. Bench has for twenty-two years been a faithful worker in the Relief Society, holding offices both in the Ward and in the Stake.

The Salt Lake Stake authorities have joined with the Stake Relief Society officers to make a thorough canvass of that whole Stake in the interest of the Living Record sheet. Each ward has called from forty to fifty special workers, taking them from the various auxiliary organizations to visit the homes of the people and to assist the people in preparing a sheet for each individual in the ward. These sample sheets will be filed in the Stake archives and will, no doubt, later become a part of the Church collection in the Genealogical Society's archives.

Panguitch Stake. Escalante Ward, in the Panguitch Stake of Zion, has done a very excellent work in securing donations amounting to $59.00 in clothing, shoes and cash for the benefit of the poor of that ward. They had a successful sewing bee one day recently for a bereaved family. The mother died three days after that, leaving her widowed husband and five small children to mourn her loss. We join with the sisters of that ward in offering consolation to the mourning husband and children.

Donations to Bishops. Besides all of the charity work that is done by the Relief Society, the various organizations are constantly being called upon by the bishops to assist financially with various undertakings in the wards. They are frequently asked to donate furniture, carpets, electric light fixtures for the ward churches, etc., etc.

The Malad Stake recently paid $200.00 for carpet for the stake tabernacle.

The Bingham Stake Relief Society, during the last year, raised and donated $413.30 for electric fixtures for the Latter-day Saints Auditorium recently erected at Idaho Falls.

In a letter, dated December 13th, from Mapusaga Tutuila, Samoa, Mrs. Jennie L. Smith writes for outlines suitable to be used among the native sisters of these Islands. She states that these women are very anxious to learn of the Relief Society work in general and to take up cooking and sewing. We were delighted to get a message from far-away Samoa, and to learn that our members in this land are anxious to keep in touch with the work at home.

A question has been sent to the office asking if a Relief Society member may receive credit on the Relief Society charity records for her individual charity work. The Relief Society books record only such charity work as is done by and through the officers and members of the organization in their official capacity.

The Relief Society of Colonia, Dublan, in Old Mexico, have forwarded to this office $11.00 as their donation for their Temple Day.

Think of this, sisters, you who dwel lin the peaceful, favored wards and stakes of this country These Meix.can refugees have done more accordingly for this purpose than any stake in Zion. The General Board are especially touched and pleased with this evidence of faith and generosity on the part of our sisters in war-stricken Mexico.

Conferences in all of the distant stakes have occupied the spring months, our Board members going out to visit them. All have reported splendid results of the new activities instituted in our Society during the last few years. The Guide Lessons are greatly enjoyed and are bringing into the Society the young married women in the communities; the Nurse Class work is growing in value and importance, while the Magazine is universally popular and receives commendation in all quarters. The General Board rejoice greatly in the spirit of unity and willing endeavor which fills every stake visited this spring.

Revelry.

By Maud Baggarley.

The hope of the Earth is its children;
  And yet, at thy unclean breast
Thou dost suckle the heirs of the Ages,
  Thou woman in scarlet drest.
Subduing the mocking laughter,
  Teaching them at the knee,
To scorn the course that comes after
  A glad, mad, revel with thee.

Nor see beneath the garlands,
  That hide his poison breath,
The waiting leer in the cynic eyes
  Of the unfleshed form of Death—
Who lurks behind the wanton,
  Singing beneath the sky
Her wildest song of folly,
  As she lures youth forth to die.

Oh, the Lord shall arise and smite thee,
  And scourge thee in righteous ire;
Who barters thy motley and tinsel
  For the flame of pure desire,
That God, Himself, didst kindle
  To light man's altar fire.

Genealogical Notes.

Many letters are received in this office concerning the preparation of the individual genealogical sheet. The question asked is—Shall the individual's parents and family be given on the outside of the sheet or that of her husband and herself and family?

As a matter of fact, it makes little difference which family is chosen for the outside of the sheet. No dates are given and no genealogy at all is provided for on that side of the sheet. It must be remembered that this sheet is simply a sample sheet taken from the Living Record Book. We have recommended the preparation of it with two purposes in view. One is to secure, if possible, a genealogical record of every woman in the Relief Society, which shall be filed finally in the archives of the Genealogical Society of Utah. The second purpose, which is vastly more important, is to convert every woman in this Society to the pressing necessity of her securing a Living Record Book, and there to record every bit of information she can set down concerning her family and her husband's family. In the Living Record Book there are 20 sheets for family groups and individual sheets in which to record all of the data concerning these families to the number of 100. So you see, sisters, that in this simple sheet it does not matter much whose particular family is named, but it does matter that you shall write out all your own genealogy on the inside and file that sheet with the secretary of your Society.

Another question that has been asked a great deal is concerning the names which are to be used by the Relief Society sisters when they go to the Temple in an official body. Some misunderstanding has arisen because of an unfortunate paragraph in the February number of the MAGAZINE on page 114. The so-called charity lists there mentioned have made so much difficulty even before the MAGAZINE was published and after that paragraph was in print that the General Board passed the resolution found on page 110. We ask you, therefore, to govern yourselves by the note on page 110: "All genealogical visits to be reported on the blanks are the official visits paid to the Temple by the ward Relief Society members and private visits by individuals to Temples need not be recorded." There the names may be furnished by the Relief Society or by the individual. If there is an understanding with the ward presidents the visits may be accepted as official, whether taken from charity lists or from individual lists.

EDITORIAL

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Motto—Charity Never Faileth.

THE GENERAL BOARD

Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells .....President
Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams.....First Counselor
Mrs. Julina L. Smith.....Second Counselor
Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman.....General Secretary
Mrs. Susa Young Gates .....Corresponding Secretary
Mrs. Emma A. Empey.....Treasurer

Mrs. Sarah Jenne Cannon, Dr. Romania B. Penrose, Mrs. Emily S. Richards, Mrs. Julia M. P. Farnsworth, Mrs. Phoebe Y. Beatie, Mrs. Ida S. Dusenberry, Mrs. Carrie S. Thomas, Mrs. Alice Merrill Horne, Mrs. Priscilla P. Jennings, Mrs. Elizabeth S. Wilcox, Mrs. Rebecca Niebaur Nibley, Mrs. Elizabeth C. McCune, Miss Edna May Davis, Miss Sarah McLelland, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Crismon, Mrs. Janette A. Hyde, Miss Sarah Eddington

Mrs. Lizzie Thomas Edward, Music Director — Miss Edna Coray, Organist

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor.....Susa Young Gates
Business Manager.....Janette A. Hyde
Assistant Manager .....Amy Brown Lyman
Room 29, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

Vol. III. JULY, 1916. No. 7.

WHO CAN HELP ME?

Broken Down.

Not all the king's horses nor all the king's men can put an egg together again. When the body has broken with the over-strain of modern life, and the spirit runs out to spread itself despairingly over the ruins, life is like a broken egg, and the soul is flat and spent with the awful effort of breathing. The faculties are held in a misty suspension, the grinding pressure of the daily world-wheels press upon the brain with inconceivable torture. We are spilled out of God's hand, and neither time nor eternity possesses form or cohesion. How we long for help, for any help—human or divine. And human skill is so much nearer, so much easier to secure. We cry out for human aid—God is so long in reaching us—we say.

The Sick Child.

On our bosom lies the agonized child whose fluttering breath creeps in dying gasps over the twitching lips. Earth, men, hope, loves —all are as phantoms. We swing suspended in a universe whose immensity is the greater for the little body at its throbbing center. All the processes of nature cease, the demands of living creatures do not exist for us until the little gasping breath is still.

Weeping Endures Through the Night.

The night is a gaping, open tomb to sick fancies. All the fears, the dread images, the panting terrors which hide away, when the sunshine and children are awake and about, come trooping out of their lairs and camp on the pillow and about the bedside of the lonely sufferer. Not for the world will we rouse the tired watcher by the bedside, nor disturb the sleeping husband. If it were pain, ah, then we could call and all would hear and spring to instant help. But these awful fears—the vast troop of "what ifs"—the fear of a fear—the forecast—the gloomy clutch of past sorrows or mistakes—these are without form and void, and not sufficiently grave to justify our selfish longing for human help and sympathy. And so we lie—and suffer—we feel the point of every hair on our head—the quivering nerves almost snap! Sleep—sleep—who said that sleep was man's common heritage? Not we—who toss and pray—and weep—and shrivel with our fears. Hark! The baby's breath. Was there not a rasping sound to that?

Hope's Ladder.

Down into the pit of our fears, the dear Lord places a ladder of hope. It is there—each round is dully gold in the twilight of our suffering. We set foot there again and again, but we are too weak—too impatient to climb slowly and steadily. And so we thrust it away, and go on suffering, and agonizing. Our darkness is unlit, the pit is too deep, the ladder is too frail. The first step breaks so often that we bring the whole ladder tumbling about our ears while we lie crushed beneath its weight.

The Trowel of Faith.

Another weapon for our release the Lord throws down to us. The trowel of faith. About us lie the ruins of our body—like useless bricks about a fallen building. We may mend them—slowly up again, if we will. It happens some rare times—ah, what a happening is there—that Jesus in His mercy seizes the trowel and with one stroke replaces the structure as it was—clean, whole, comely. But He rarely does this—He might do so oftener if we only asked Him oftener—but He has taught us how to build again the shattered body, placing brick on brick, moistening the mortar with our nightly tears, and using that strong, sure trowel of faith. Have you tried building thus a worn-out tabernacle?

He is Our Help.

God is our help, now as in ages past. Not a passive help, but an ever-present, ever active and constructive help. We may be sick, we may be sorry, but we need not stay so long. He is there, just behind the cloud. He and His angels are everywhere. But unless you want His help, ask for it, crave it, pray for it, you will not get it. His common gifts of light and life

He gives to all. But if you want a special gift, you must make a special prayer. If you want help from a skilful physician, you must ask for it—and then you pay the price. He comes to you again, and yet again. 'Tis so with God. He sends His healing angel to you once and yet again, and still again. Says the gracious mother of the Prophet in her history, speaking about one of her many healings (page 221):

"The next morning after our arrival, the family being absent, I seized the opportunity to make an effort to get far enough from home to pray without interruption. Accordingly I took a staff in each hand, and by the assistance which they afforded me, I was enabled to reach a dense thicket, which lay some distance from the house. As soon as I was sufficiently rested to speak with ease, I commenced calling upon the Lord, beseeching Him to restore me to health, as well as my daughter Catherine. I urged every claim which is afforded us by the Scriptures, and continued praying faithfully for three hours, at the end of which time I was relieved from every kind of pain; my cough left me, and I was well."

Help Yourself. Think healthful thoughts. Say peaceful words. Say over and over, in your mind, hymns or psalms. Refuse to think of your sorrow or your pain. Tell your will to obey your spirit. Don't be crushed or disheartened by constant defeat. You will not die till your time comes, nor will your loved ones, unless you open the door to death and invite him in through your allowing morbid fancies, and your constant talk and thought about your own symptoms and fears or that of your dear ones, to weaken and destroy your citadel. You refuse to allow foul, physical air in your sick room or bed chamber—don't allow disease-breeding thoughts, emotions and whinings, to taint the spiritual atmosphere. Brace up. Be a good, spiritual sport. Grit your teeth, shut your lips, hold your hands tight, and fight—just plain fight. That's what Jacob did at Bethel, when his thigh was put out of joint. Die if you must, suffer if you have to do so, but be a soldier about it. Keep your face, your fighting face, to the foe. Not your squirming, cowardly back. The Lord loves a brave soldier—so do all men.

God is our help, He can heal and comfort us, if we greatly work and greatly pray.

Guide Lessons.

LESSON I.

Theology and Testimony.

First Week in August.

Work and Business.

Second Week in August.

SUMMER HEALTH LESSONS.

Third Week in August.

PREVENTION OF DISEASE.

Note. We especially commend this splendid and succient lesson by Dr. Charles F. Wilcox to our students everywhere. It is the *multum in parvo* concerning the subject treated.

LESSON I.

PREVENTION OF DISEASE.

The wonderful disclosures of the microscope have revealed a new world and humanity has reaped a very great and important benefit from it.

By magnifying many hundred diameters it was found that countless germs existed in the air and on everything around us. A further study of these germs showed them to be mostly of vegetable origin; also that the great majority of them were not only not harmful, but that they were actually useful in promoting fermentation—notably the yeast germ, and the germs that produce the fermentation in milk, wines, beers, etc.

It was also found that these germs were living entities and that they reproduced themselves; that they could be destroyed by heat, dry or moist, by certain chemicals, such as chlorid of lime, iodine, etc., also that sunlight was a great destroyer of germs.

It was also found that certain colonies of germs or bacteria were the direct cause of nearly all the diseases that afflict the human body.

Louis Pasteur, a noted French chemist, was one of the first

men to experiment along these lines and he developed the germ theory of fermentation and proved beyond question of doubt that there was no such thing as "spontaneous generation of life," but that all life was due to cellular activity and must be produced by a pre-existing, living cell.

His researches along these lines were of immense benefit to the wine and beer industries of France and Germany. It was this discovery that has made possible the canned fruit and vegetable industry that furnishes so much of our winter supply of food.

When the silk industry of France was in danger of being entirely destroyed by the worms dying prematurely, he found their death was caused by a germ. He immediately applied himself to find a remedy and was so successful that he not only saved the silk industry to the nation, but gained honor and undying fame.

At this early stage of his researches, he expressed himself to the effect that what he had been able to do with the silk worms, he hoped would be possible to do with higher animals, and perhaps even human beings might be benefitted by his great discovery.

He certainly pointed the way that has led up to the present advanceed position of medical science; and while there are hundreds of names of eminent men who have done much to bring medicine out of the realm of uncertainty and empyricism to the pinnacle of true science where it sits today, a shining monument should be erected to the names of Harvey, Jenner, Lister, and among the long list of illustrious men that have followed down to the present, none shines brighter than that of Louis Pasteur.

The discovery of Edward Jenner that vaccination will certainly prevent that dreadful scourge, small-pox which, up to his day, was the most dreadful disease known to the human race, has made it so mild and so infrequent that it is no longer feared. It is not too much to say that he has been instrumental in saving millions of lives.

In the Spanish-American war one-fifth of the soldiers in the national encampment had typhoid fever.

During the last four years our soldiers numbering, over twenty thousand, have been patroling the border in Mexico, and not one case of typhoid fever has been reported in the army. This immunity has been secured by proper and timely vaccination.

The mortality of diphtheria has been reduced from 40% to less than 10% since the introduction of antitoxine and thousands of children who have been exposed to diphtheria have been saved from the disease by a timely dose of antitoxine.

The economic loss in the United States from tuberculosis alone has been estimated at two hundred million dollars annually. During the last forty years the death rate of tuberculosis has been reduced fifty percent. This great reduction has been brought

about by better sanitary measures and an earlier recognition of the disease which makes it much more favorable for treatment. What is true of the foregoing is equally true of nearly every contagious disease known.

In summer, germs develop more rapidly than in cold weather. This accounts for the increased death rate in children during the summer months. Germs develop rapidly in milk when it is not free from dirt and extraneous material, or when it is not placed in sterile containers and then kept cool. Flies not only carry the typhoid germs, but many other harmful ones, notably the colon bacillus. This germ, when taken into the system, is very injurious and is responsible for many deaths. The water supply, in country districts, should be carefully guarded against contamination.

It is said that cleanliness is next to Godliness, but it is quite proper to say that cleanliness is Godliness itself. The Great Creator has placed in the human body elements that tend to protect him against the death-dealing germs, and when the body is clean within and without, and proper regard is had for the general rules of hygiene, and all manner of excesses in diet, exercise and everything that tends to overstrain the body or reduce its vitality is avoided, it is rendered almost immune against disease of every kind, whether contagious, infectious or toxic.

QUESTIONS.

How were germs discovered?
What are germs?
Of what use are they?
What harm can they do?
How do they get into the system?
Where are they found?
How are they destroyed?
What did Louis Pasteur do?
What did Edward Jenner do?
What would happen if everybody in the world were vaccinated against small-pox and typhoid fever?
When two children are exposed to a contagious disease why does one take it and the other not?
Why are babies made sick in summer more than in winter?
How can you prevent nearly all diseases?

FOURTH WEEK IN AUGUST.

THE TEETH AND THEIR CARE.

LESSON II.

The human countenance is much beautified by a set of teeth which are healthy, white, and symmetrical. Good teeth are greatly to be desired. Not only are they an aid to fine looks, but they are of the utmost importance in helping to maintain the general health. Good health depends largely on good digestion. Mastication or grinding of the food is the first process of digestion, and perfect mastication can only be accomplished with the best of teeth.

Time was when people actually expected to lose their teeth as the years went by and some aged people became entirely toothless. That condition gave rise to the expression "nut cracker face" when, on account of shrunken gums and sunken lips, the prominent nose and chin would almost meet. The invention of artificial teeth changed that condition entirely.

Now, the science of dentistry has advanced so near to perfection that the ordinary mortal may have his natural teeth until he dies of old age.

Much of the misery and distress of the teething period are averted by the proper care of the infant, and with the teeth a good beginning is most important. The properly trained child is taught to give careful attention to his teeth at a very early age. Wise parents give their children food containing the elements needed for the building up or the growing a good set of teeth. For the first three years the milk diet should be mostly depended upon, the diet being varied during the third and following years in accordance with knowledge and wisdom.

The outer covering of the teeth is called enamel and it is the hardest tissue found in the body. If the enamel could be kept always in perfect condition the teeth would not suffer from disease or decay. It appears that Nature has designed the teeth to last as long as life, because after the teeth are once completely grown, she makes no provision for repairing or restoring the enamel. All the other tissues of the body have formative cells which continually repair waste or promote growth. It is only the teeth, after they are full grown, that are left without these reproductive cells. As soon as the teeth are completely grown these formative cells disappear.

Many causes contribute to the cracking or other injury of the enamel, and it is after the enamel is injured that decay sets in, and the services of the dentist are required. Cracking nuts or other hard substances is a frequent and common source of

danger. The people who sew should cut their threads with scissors or thread-cutters and not use the teeth for that purpose.

Drink or food taken into the mouth too hot or too cold works injury to the enamel. Sudden changes of temperature such as following hot food with cold or the reverse is very hard on the teeth. Too much sweets and candy are injurious to the stomach and cause decay of the teeth.

Also the teeth should be kept clean and free from any remaining particles of food that might ferment and cause disease or decay germs.

Sucking of the thumbs or fingers is a habit that is quite frequent among infants and young children. It is a habit which should be corrected without delay, because if continued it is very apt to cause the mouth to be malformed or the shape and expression spoiled, by uncomely, projecting teeth in adult life. Another dreadful result of this pernicious habit may be *adenoids*.

The services of a good dentist should be regularly employed and he should investigate the teeth about twice a year—every six months. This attention should begin even with the temporary set or "baby set," at the very first sign of decay.

A very great mistake is frequently made by neglecting the "six year molars." They are the first permanent teeth to appear and *never* should be extraced if they can possibly be preserved to the individual by filling or other detal work.

Frequently brushing of the teeth with a soft brush, preferably after each meal, up and down, across, inside and outside, and the use of an anti-septic tooth wash are necessary to their proper care and preservation.

The Chinese rub the cleansing material over the teeth with the finger. The tooth brush is unsanitary unless frequently sterilized.

QUESTIONS.

Name two special reasons for giving the best care to the teeth.

What was the condition of many of the aged people in days gone by?

With personal care and the aid of the dentist what may be the condition now?

Is there any way of aiding the growth of good teeth?

Tell anything you know on that subject.

Tell some facts about the outer covering or enamel of the teeth.

Name some of the causes that contribute to the injury of the teeth.

Tell what you think about the services of the dentist.

What is the personal care that should be given the teeth?

NOTES TAKEN FROM REMARKS OF DR. MARGARET C. ROBERTS AT THE RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE, MAY 8, 1916.

Dr. Roberts spoke of disease germs and how readily they are distributed. People should never cough nor sneeze without using a handkerchief to keep the germs from spreading.

Mothers who have a cold should tie a handkerchief over the nose and mouth when nursing the babe. It is from the mother's breath more than from the milk that baby catches cold from its mother.

Insist upon children breathing with mouth closed, whether awake or asleep. Do not let them use pacifiers nor suck thumb or fingers.

LET BABIES SLEEP ALONE.

To aid them in cutting teeth let them bite on something hard. Clothing may be protected by bib or towel.

To have sterilized rags boil water twenty minutes and wash rags in it. Then bake them in paper for one hour and wrap in sterilized cloth or towel.

For ear ache put two or three drops of salt water in ear. Blow in more to get air in the ear. That often cures.

For a sprained wrist, soak wrist in *cold* salt water. Change water frequently.

For nose bleed, stand with arms extended and raised high, rest them against the wall and throw the head back. Another way is to press fingers on the arteries in the front upper gums.

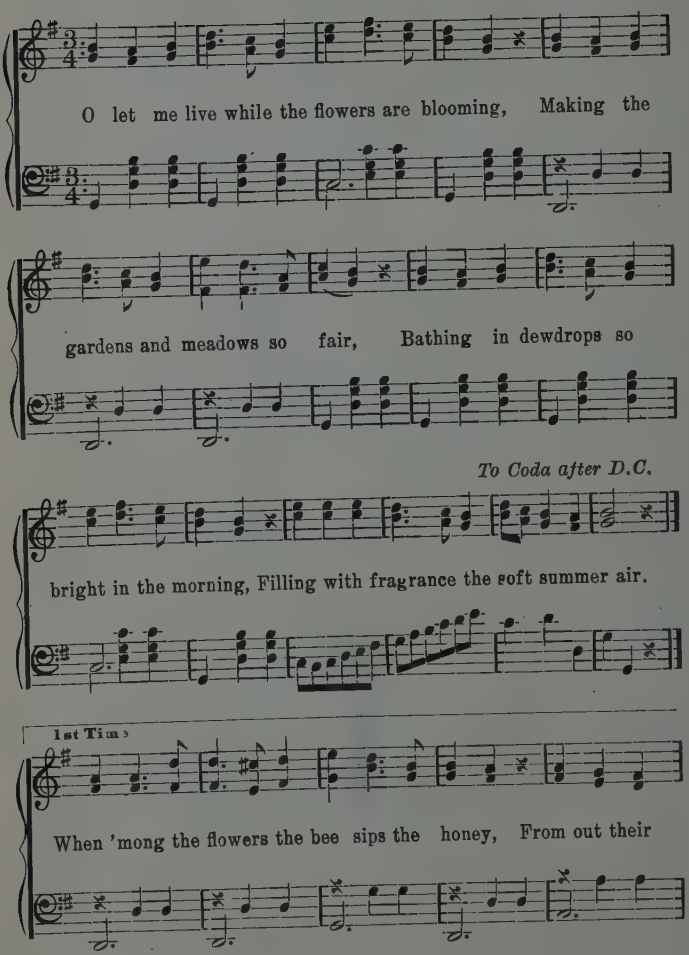
To prevent fainting, double up the patient like a jack-knife. Might have him pick up something from the floor.

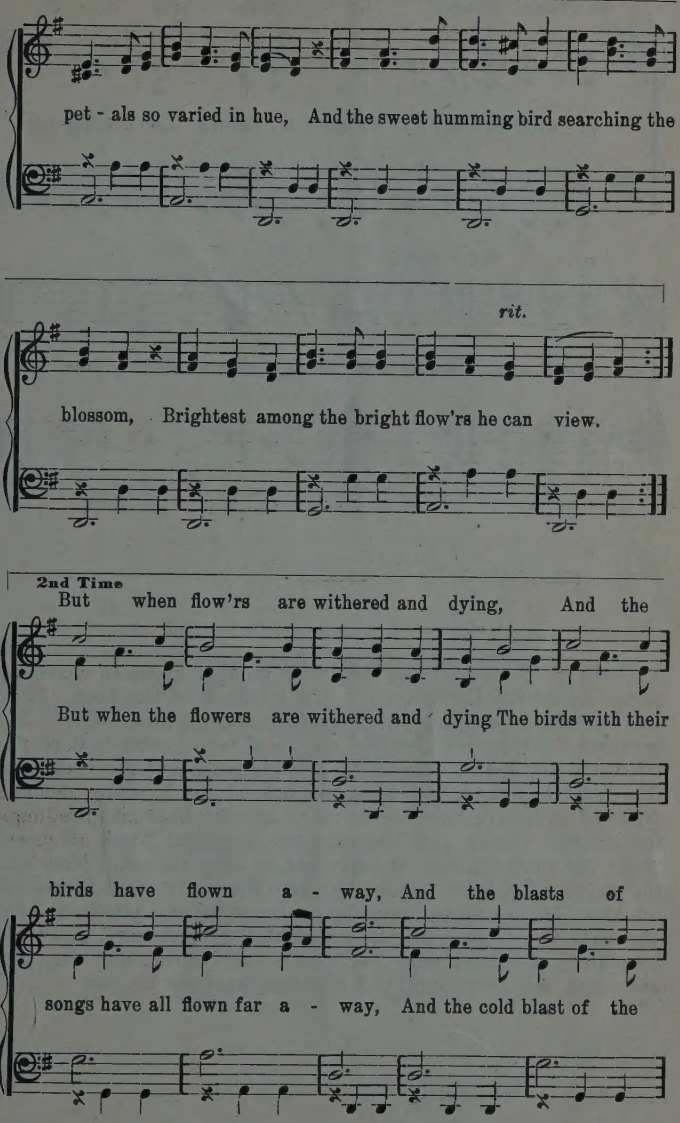
Among the supplementary books which can safely be recommended to our sisters who desire to read more and know more concerning their theological lesson work, we would suggest the book by Willard Done entitled, *Women of the Bible*. While our sisters should not permit themselves to neglect the necessary reading in the Bible in the preparation of their lessons they will still find very much that is good and useful in this excellent book by Brother Done.

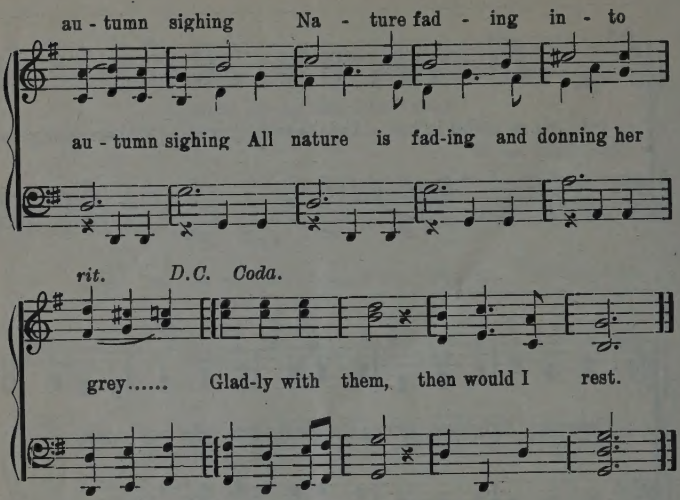
CHARMS OF SPRINGTIME

Duet for 1st and 2nd Treble

Evan Stephens.


O let me live while the flowers are blooming, Making the
gardens and meadows so fair, Bathing in dewdrops so
To Coda after D.C.
bright in the morning, Filling with fragrance the soft summer air.
1st Time
When 'mong the flowers the bee sips the honey, From out their


pet - als so varied in hue, And the sweet humming bird searching the
rit.
blossom, Brightest among the bright flow'rs he can view.
2nd Time
But when flow'rs are withered and dying, And the
But when the flowers are withered and dying The birds with their
birds have flown a - way, And the blasts of
songs have all flown far a - way, And the cold blast of the


au - tumn sighing Na - ture fad - ing in - to
au - tumn sighing All nature is fad-ing and donning her
rit. D.C. Coda.
grey..... Glad-ly with them, then would I rest.

There has come to the editor's table another group of charming poems by Alfred Lambourne. It is a tribute of one poet, Alfred Lambourne, to another poet, William Shakespeare. Every line breathes the reverent affection of a soul who knows how to pay tribute to the high priest at the altar because a living coal from that altar has been laid upon the lips of the kneeling devotee. Alfred Lambourne has cheered many a weary heart, inspired hope in unhappy homes and has cast the beautiful thrall of poesy about the stern realities of early life in these valleys. Now that the steps of his fancy has led him into the paths about Stratford-on-Avon, he has made beauty more beautiful and poetry sweeter for his song. Those who love matchless Shakespeare, and there be many; and those who love gentle Lambourne, and they also are many, will find joy in this new booklet from his pen.

The Two-Faced Clock

By Ida Stewart Peay.

That clock can't tell the same tale twice,
It's two-faced—deep the blame.
It sings its tunes of time to all
With no two songs the same.

To each one in the family
It has a different word.
Just changing things to please, it seems—
The fraud is quite absurd.

For father when the dinner's late,
It growls as cool as frost,
"These wives can't see 'big business' waits,
Time lost! Time lost! Time lost!"

To mother on a washing day
(In work up to her eyes)
While breakfast waits the old clock prates,
"Time flies! Time flies! Time flies!"

When grandpa, old, awaits the night
His sleepy head down sags.
That 'ceitful clock just grumbles low
"Time drags! Time drags! Time drags!"

And when the tiresome school is out,
Our clock is sure to chime,
(If ma's just said, "Now do your chores"),
"Play time! Play time! Play time!"

MRS. MARY ANN FROST STEARNS PRATT.